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FROM THE EDITOR

HE holiday season usually fucks with my head. I get excited about the close of what I usually think of as a shitty year...and eagerly anticipate whatever the new one has in store for me. Reflecting back, I think of the money I didn't earn, the fun I didn't have, and the difference I didn't make. Looking forward, I think of the money I will earn, the fun I will have, and the difference I will make...as if the stroke of midnight will somehow, magically, make me less of the shitbag I already am. New chapter. New year. New me. Woot woot!

But here's a thought (that I may or may not have had while under the influence of psychedelic mushrooms): What if the New Year has nothing to do with me? What if my problem isn't with the accomplishments I may or may not have achieved, so much as it's with my own flawed perception of "me"? And why would I qualify myself by a standard that is immeasurable? Also, why is the floor moving?

This year, I'm going to give myself a break. This year, I'm going to let go of expectation. This year, I'm going to watch my life as it unfolds before me. I am not going to get bogged down by self-imposed demands, results, goals, hopes, projections, and all of that other bullshit.

This year, I am going to try to give myself a little bit of peace. Maybe you'll join me.



















PENTHOUSE

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MAIL DOMINANCE

SORRY BRO. WRONG NUMBER

Dear Kim, your very sexy body makes my cock get hard. I want my cock in you. I want to play with and suck your huge boobs.

-Jim H., via USPS

[Ed: Very poetic, Jim, but Kim Kardashian moved out months ago. We'll tell Kanye when he swings by to pick up her mail.]

KISSING FISH

Penthouse should change its name to Pentdikes. Most of the girls there are lesbians. -Steve M., via Facebook

[Ed: That couldn't be further from the truth, Steve. In this issue, Maya Bijou and Karla Kush, Anya Ivy and Scarlett Sage, and Marica Hase and Joey Kim may go bumper-to-bumper, but I can assure you they are not lesbians. That's what makes it so deliciously naughty.]

PHYSICAL ATTRACTION

I read that Penthouse isn't going to be printing physical copies of the magazine anymore. Can someone please confirm if that's true? I would have hoped they'd have mailed subscribers a notice about something like that...

-Uriel M., via Facebook

[Ed: Um...are we getting fired?]

DE-CREASE THE PIECE

The back of the issue you just sent me is creased and feels like the bottom could be torn real easy. I'm afraid if I lay it down very often it will get torn. I would send it back, but I don't have the money.

-Doug J., via USPS

[Ed: We would send you a replacement, but you didn't forward your address.]

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Are you familiar with Takanakuy? It's the most hardcore Christmas tradition ever. Google it.

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Field Dress For Success

The hunt for the perfect outdoorsman knife is over. There's only one tool you need: the Whitetail™ Hunting Knife—now ONLY \$49!

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The comfortable handle is made from pakkawood—moisture-resistant and more durable than hardwood. If hunting is your life, then the Whitetail™ Knife was designed to make your life easier.

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- B. of Maryland

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LETTER OF THE MONTH

A FAMILY THAT LAYS TOGETHER...

DIDN'T go to dinner at my girlfriend's house just to fuck her mom, but I certainly didn't go to watch football.

Let's back up. I met my girlfriend Katy at a potluck. Neither of us can cook (I knew this about myself and discovered this—painfully—about Katy) so both of us brought cases of really expensive beer. It was one of those situations where nobody fucking cared except the host, who wordlessly took our 48 bottles and bade

us "grab a plate and sample everyone

else's hard work." Asshole.

Anyway, she and I landed on a couch together, like the losers we were, and soon we were engaged in that very special kind of drunken flirting where your hand casually brushes this body part or that one and then just stays there. I had my hand up her dress as the lights got dim and I expertly/drunkenly jilled her off right in front of a sad little group of quinoa salad eaters.

This wasn't a one-night stand. We sheepishly called each other the next day and admitted we liked each other and even wanted to do non-sexual things, like go to farmers' markets and get coffee. Of course, when we did those things, we were never too far from one of our places, where we'd return and fuck the afternoon away.

It was one of those relationships that starts with sex that means something, that makes you think, "You know, sex on the first date is a really good idea. It erases all the inhibitions so you can *really get to know each other.*" So it was in that spirit that, once she'd blown me on the toilet, that she asked me, through a mouthful of my come, if I wanted to have dinner with her family.

What I wanted to say was: "This is a red flag."

What I said instead was: "I would love to meet your family."

Katy's family consisted of her mom, Miranda, and her older brother, Paul. Paul was one of those failure-to-launch guys and it was clear that Miranda had made him squeeze into his one good shirt for the occasion. Miranda, on the other hand, was just...just something else. Yes, she looked like Katy, and no, no one would confuse them for sisters, but Miranda had this Sadder But Wiser thing going on and she wore these faded, hip-hugging jeans under a black velvet top that made you want to slap her ass in spite of yourself.

Things were kinda low-down at Miranda's house. She was the still-hot single mom of a son who wouldn't leave and a daughter who, come to think of it, blew people on toilets and tried to talk with come in her mouth. (I'm not complaining, but it's a reference point.) From the conversation the two women were having during the frying and breading and pan-scraping, I got the feeling they shared a lot of secrets.

"So I hear you played Stinky Pinky at a potluck," Miranda said at one point.

"Jesus, Mom!" Paul said. Yeah, I had to agree with Paul on that one. Awkward.

After dinner we all moved to the TV room where Paul and Katy put on a football game.

"Come sit with me!" Katy pouted. So I did while she draped her smooth, chewy legs over my lap and pawed at me. I was uncomfortable with this show of affection in front of her family, so when Miranda asked me to help her with a pitcher of margaritas (now we're talking), I respectfully patted Katy's tasty thighs and joined Miranda in the kitchen.

"I can't stand football," Miranda said.

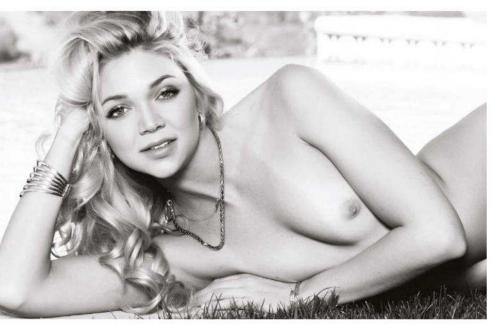
"Neither can I," I said. "I watch the Super Bowl and I'm pretty much good for the year."

Miranda poured me a strong margarita in a heavy glass. Not a weeknight drink, but this family didn't really stand on tradition.

"So Katy says you have a big fucking cock," she blurted. Before I could pick my chin up from the floor, Miranda spilled her drink on her blouse. Ice cubes clattered off the sink. "Fuck!" she said.

"Everything okay, Mom?" Katy called from the next room.

"I just need to make another pitcher," she yelled back. "I fucking dropped this one.





I've got more tequila in the laundry room. Hold on."

But instead of going to the laundry room (did they even have a laundry room?), Miranda then and there flipped her blouse over her head, revealing an amazing set of firm, heavy, pink-tipped breasts. I grabbed them instinctively. I had a very strong feeling that if Katy walked in, she wouldn't be surprised, and neither would Paul.

The slickness and confidence with which she disrobed, quickly unzipping her jeans and pushing them down, made me hardjust as she probably knew it would. She undid my belt quickly and freed my cock. I'd been freeballing that evening because I knew I'd be having some drunk sex with Katy, but here I was with her mother instead.

I kind of admire guys who can just take a blowjob—I really have to trust someone before I let her do all the work. It was that way with Katy. I just felt comfortable with her. And Miranda was the same. I leaned against the counter while I heard the game going on in the next room and the various shouts of her adult children, and let this

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I PUSHED THE HEAD OF MY COCK SLOWLY PAST THE PUFFY FOLDS OF MY GIRLFRIEND'S MOM'S PUSSY.

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48-year-old divorcée goddess suck me off, squatting with her jeans pushed below her knees.

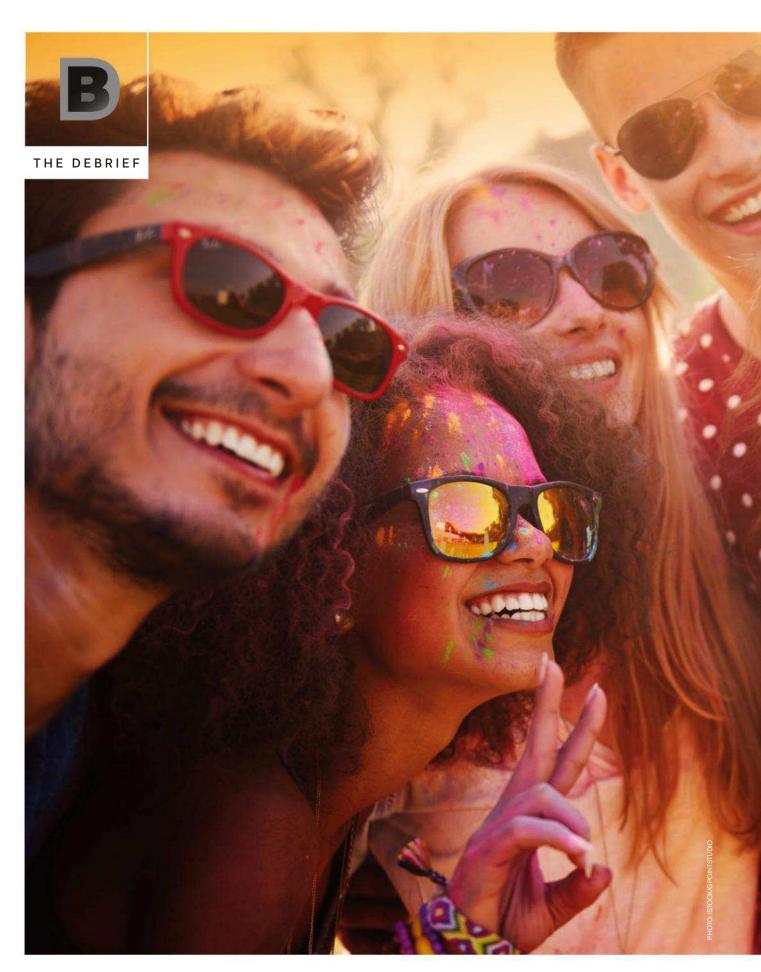
I think I could've let her finish me off that way, but I was in for a penny, in for a pound, so I eased her up by her hair, gently pushed her to the opposite counter, and forced her ankles apart as far as they'd go with her jeans pooled around them. I didn't have a condom but I was absolutely not thinking straight at that point. Her pussy was dripping and slicked the edge of the dirty counter where the remains of the meal sat on plates. I pushed the head of my cock slowly past the puffy, meaty folds of my girlfriend's mom's pussy and stroked her once for every year of her life, feeling her erupt somewhere around 30, and then again at 45, and by 48 I sent my happy spurts into this hot, hot mess.

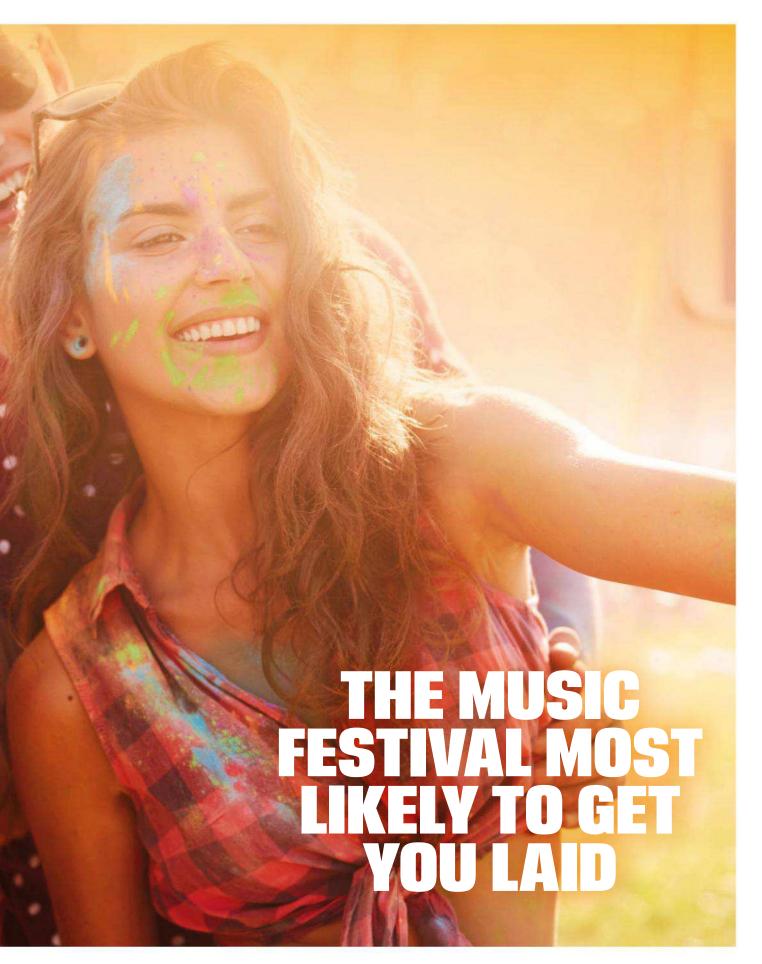
Yeah, we'd done something scandalous, but we didn't make a peep. I kissed Miranda warmly, excused myself to clean up in the bathroom, and heard her making a new pitcher of margaritas in the pantry. I returned to the couch with Katy, drinks in hand, and watched the end of the football game. It was really strange to have warm, sweet Katy's head resting on my lap as my cock still felt the receding pulses of having just fucked her mom. But families are weird.

-Eric B. Redmond, WA

CONTINUED ON PAGE 124

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: *Penthouse* magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA 91311, or email us at Letters@penthouse.com.









SAY IT WITH CROCODILES

AH, sweet, exotic Australia.

This summer, four men ransacked an Australian high school and released three live saltwater crocodiles.

Captured on the school's security cameras, the men used scarves to hide their faces and smashed through a window at Taminmin College in Humpty Doo (yes, really). Once inside, the vandals swiped a computer and trashed an office before throwing the "salties" into the room and fleeing. The largest of the crocs was around six feet.

Senior Constable David Gregory of the Northern Territory Police told reporters, "The ranger that turned up was very concerned for them—they had their mouths taped shut, obviously. They're in very poor shape, they haven't seen water for a long time, they're undernourished."

The men responsible for the break-in are still at large, and police are reminding the public that saltwater crocodiles are a protected species. The men are liable for fines of up to \$77,000 and jail terms of up to five years.

Coldplay).



FINGER-LICKIN' GOOD

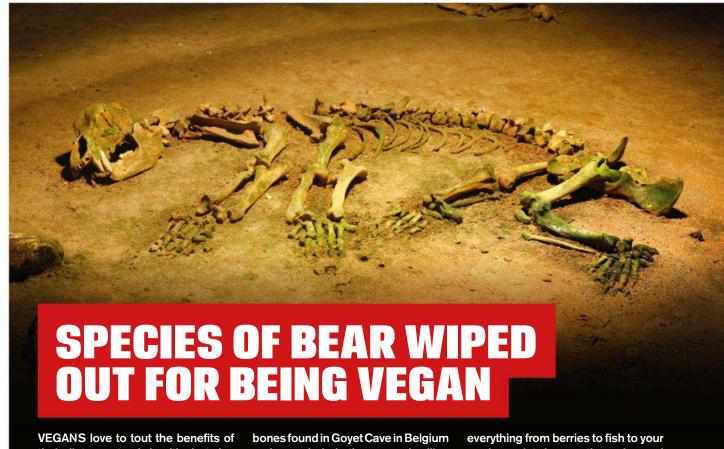
THE fast-food industry has been under heavy fire the past several years for any number of reasons, and once again KFC is attempting to revitalize its brand.

Undergoing a makeover they're calling "Re-Colonelization" (get it?), the company wants to Make KFC Great Again by updating their restaurants and refining their cooking processes to make their food healthier, without compromising the traditional taste.

KFC is also embarking on some wacky marketing schemes, including KFC-scented sunscreen. Building on their edible nail polish (which tastes like chicken), the sunscreen enables customers to smell like the Colonel's 11 secret herbs and spices.

KFC's Extra Crispy Sunscreen's release was accompanied by an infomercial-style ad with an eighties synth soundtrack and testimonials from a group of heavily bronzed characters, including the Colonel himself, now played by the always-leathery George Hamilton, who declares, "Smells like chicken, tastes like sunscreen."

KFC distributed 3,000 free samples of the sunscreen online, and ran out within two hours. Maybe it's not such a preposterous plan after all.



VEGANS love to tout the benefits of their diet as not only healthy but also animal-friendly. While there is certainly a lot of truth in this, the same can't be said for other vegan mammals.

According to a recent study published in the *Journal of Quaternary Science*, a now-extinct species of bear died out because of its vegan diet. Researchers studied 25,000-year-old

bones found in Goyet Cave in Belgium and concluded the cave-dwelling bear ate no fish, mammals, or insects of any kind, but instead adhered to a strict plant-based diet.

The cave bear was believed to weigh more than a thousand pounds and possess huge, sharp teeth, ideal for ripping flesh from bones. But unlike modern bears, which consume everything from berries to fish to your garden variety human, these doomed hippie bears were very selective about what they ate.

Inhabiting parts of Europe over 400,000 years ago, the bears survived on their plant-based diet until roughly 25,000 years ago, when the last ice age hit, reducing the availability of plant life.



RAMEN IS THE NEW ORANGE

IF prison films have taught us anything, it's that cigarettes and Penthouse are a valuable commodity behind bars. But times they are a-changing. Now, as a new study reveals, instant ramen noodles are replacing cigarettes as the main currency among prisoners.

Michael Gibson-Light, a doctoral candidate at the University of Arizona School of Sociology, conducted a study about prison life and found that inmates now barter for ramen noodles to better feed themselves.

With cost-cutting at an all-time high, as well as the Department of Justice's recent announcement that it will end its use of private prisons, the American penal (hehe) system is increasingly overburdened, with both guards and inmates feeling the effects of decreased funding.

Gibson-Light conducted interviews with nearly 60 inmates and staff members over the course of a year and analyzed similar investigations into other institutions, and discovered that the food served was often considered "inedible" or "too little."

As a result, instant ramen noodles have become big business.

"Prisoners are so unhappy with the quality and quantity of prison food that they have begun relying on ramen noodles-a cheap, durable food product-as a form of money in the underground economy," Gibson-Light said.

Ramen noodles are so highly valued that one former Chino inmate. Gustavo "Goose" Alvarez, wrote a recipe book about the college/prison staple: Prison Ramen: Recipes and Stories From Behind Bars.

Last summer a devastating thunderstorm hit the Hardangervidda mountain plateau in southern Norway, home to onequarter of the country's reindeer population, as thousands of deer were undertaking their seasonal migration. A lightning strike during the storm killed the entire herd-323 in all, 70 of which were calves. It's believed the reindeer had gathered together for protection during the downpour.

A spokesperson from the **Norwegian Environment Agency** told the Associated Press that it's not uncommon for reindeer to die from lightning strikes, although they've never seen so many killed on this scale before.

The agency released heartbreaking images of the dead reindeer scattered across a portion of the mountain region. The photos looked like something out of a horror movie, with hundreds of the animals lying dead but with no visible signs



IF IT'S CLOWN, FLUSH IT DOWN



EVERYONE hates clowns, so it's understandable that residents of the Fleetwood Manor Apartments in Greenwood County, South Carolina, were a little concerned about multiple clown sightings in their area.

The clowns were apparently trying to lure children into nearby woods with the promise of cash (way better than all the candy we were promised, back in the day). Some of the kids said they saw one hanging around near a basketball court, while one woman saw a "large-figured" clown late one night, its nose blinking, waving at her from under a streetlight (she waved back).

Children who'd been approached told authorities the clowns were living in an abandoned house near a pond close to the apartment complex. Local police searched the area but found no clown activity or paraphernalia.

Even It author Stephen King, unrivaled perpetuator of our collective clown hatred, told Bangor Daily News that he was freaked out by the sightings. Authorities say the Greenville County sheriff's office is patrolling the area and warning anyone who sees the clowns to stay away and report the incident immediately.



WAY TO GO, SCIENCE

SUPERMAN is many things. Faster than a speeding bullet, etc. But, honestly, the most preposterous thing about him has always been that by simply wearing a pair of black-rimmed glasses, the mild-mannered Clark Kent could hide his superhero status. Though now that a study in England has proven that people find it difficult to match faces when glasses are worn, it might not be so dumb after all.

Researchers at the University of York showed participants images of faces of people in natural poses, and asked them to decide whether they were of the same person. The images were split into three categories: glasses-wearing faces, a pair with only one person wearing glasses, and a pair with no one wearing glasses.

When shown both faces wearing glasses or neither wearing glasses, the accuracy of selections was 80 percent. But when only one of the two faces wore glasses, participants were less successful to match the images, resulting in a six percent drop in accuracy.

So does that mean Lois Lane really couldn't tell Clark Kent was actually Superman? Dr. Kay Ritchie of the university's Department of Psychology admitted Lois probably knew he was Superman all along.

"In real terms, glasses would not prevent Lois from recognizing that Clark is in fact Superman, as she is familiar with him," she said. "For those that do not know him, however, this task is much more difficult, and our results show that glasses do disrupt our ability to recognize the same unfamiliar person from photo to photo."

SNOWDEN director Oliver Stone has always been a little odd, and his reputation as a conspiracy nut will only intensify now that the 70-year-old claims to know who assassinated former president John F. Kennedy.

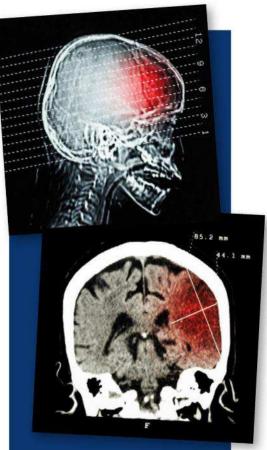
Stone has said he believes the assassination was an inside job conducted by the Secret Service, as revealed to him by a former member of the presidential security detail that was there when Kennedy died in November, 1963.

The agent, known as "Ron," initially only confided to his son about the murder, but when the elderly agent was dying of cancer, he and Stone met.

Although skeptical at first, Stone, a Vietnam vet, was convinced by the military jargon and "intricate details" Ron knew, believing his side of the story to be plausible and "very authentic"

The question of who killed Kennedy has always been a conspiracy-buff favorite, even though the Warren Commission that looked into the assasination concluded former U.S. Marine Lee Harvey Oswald was responsible.

These allegations are of a new book by author Matt Zoller Seitz. The Oliver Stone Experience details Stone's life and his rabid interest in the Kennedy assassination.



OVE B

THAT a god-awful Def Leppard song just took on a whole new meaning for one poor Mexican teen.

In August, 17-year-old Julio Macias Gonzalez received a hickey from his 24-year-old girlfriend that resulted in a blood clot. The clot later traveled to Macias Gonzales's brain, and he suffered a stroke, convulsing at the dinner table in front of his family. The paramedics were called but they could not save him.

And this isn't the first reported case. In 2011, a 44-year-old New Zealand woman suffered a non-fatal stroke after receiving a hickey from her partner.

Doctors concluded the suction had damaged a major artery in her neck. This led to a blood clot that traveled to her heart, resulting in a minor stroke and the paralysis of her arm.

We sympathize with this young man's family and will continue to spread the word that hickeys are fucking ridiculous. They are the tribal tattoos, man buns, and lumberiack beards of Public Displays of Affection, and make you look stupidand potentially dead.

PIPER DOWN

THE mysterious death of a Liverpool, England, bagpiper in 2014 has finally been solved.

The 61-year-old man had been ill for many years, suffering from a dry cough and shortness of breath. Over time, this slowly developed into an inflammation of the lungs. The man's health continued to deteriorate until he was admitted to the hospital and died.

Doctors couldn't understand why he had fallen ill until they discovered his health had improved when he took a trip abroad without his bagpipes. Upon further investigation, his instrument was found to be full of poisonous fungi.

Known to practice almost every day, the man had slowly killed himself by inhaling the pathogens in his bagpipes.

Dr. Jenny King, the author of a study into the man's death, warned musicians about the health risks of wind instruments. "[Musicians] need to be aware that there are risks that instruments can become colonized with mold and fungi, and this can be related to serious and potentially fatal lung disease."

As of press time, there are at least 75,000 YouTube videos on swabbing out one's bagpipes. So get to it.





MEANWHILE IN NORTH KOREA

IF you ever visit North Korea, make sure you sit up straight. Seoul's Unification Ministry spokesman recently revealed that North Korea's deputy premier for education, Kim Yong-jin, was denounced and later killed for having "disrespectful posture" in a June meeting with supreme leader and all-around lunatic Kim Jong-un.

A subsequent investigation found the deputy premier to be an "anti-party reactionary" guilty of "modern-day factionalism," and he was executed by firing squad in July, the official said.

This type of excessive punishment isn't anything new in North Korea, where executions are a normal occurrence. In 2013, Kim Jong-un's uncle, Jang Song-thaek, was seen fainting after witnessing the machine-gun execution and incineration of his two trusted deputies, and in May 2015, defense chief Hyon Yong-chol was caught dozing off during a meeting with the leader. Both men were convicted of treason and killed by firing squads.

THE GIRL WITH THE DRAGON TONGUE

GERKARY Bracho Blequett from Ocala, Florida, might have the world's longest tongue. But the fame and fortune of such an accolade aren't all they're cracked up to be.

She's finding responses from men in particular to be inappropriate. Shocker!

Blequett measures her tongue at 4.48 inches, which beats out the current record of 3.97 inches. She says she had no idea it was that long until her friends dared her to do tricks with it. "My friends wanted me to show them if I could lick my eye and I tried it and it was shocking," she said. She has several online videos showing off her skills, including licking her nose, earlobe, and the

ever-elusive elbow.

However proud she is to have such a useful talent, Blequett isn't impressed by how people of the male persuasion treat her upon discovering it. "I don't like the fact that some men think because I'm posting long-tongue pictures they can talk to me in a sexual way," she says. It makes her feel "uncomfortable, and it's kind of nasty."

Blequett still has to apply to Guinness World Records to get an official adjudicator to measure her tongue against that of the current champ, Nick Stoeberl. Though Stoeberl is not convinced. "She's petite except for her tongue," he said, "so it appears magnified." O+ 1



HOTO: ISTOCK / STUDIO-ANNIKA PHOTO: YOUTUBE



Amazing New Hybrid Runs Without Gas

The new face of time? Stauer's Compendium Hybrid fuses form and functionality for UNDER \$30! Read on...

Innovation is the path to the future. f IStauer takes that seriously. That's why we developed the Compendium Hybrid, a stunningly-designed hybrid chronograph with over one dozen analog and digital functions that is more versatile than any watch that we have ever engineered.

New technology usually starts out at astronomical prices and then comes down years later. We skipped that step to allow everyone the chance to experience this watch's brilliant fusion of technology and style. We originally priced the Stauer Compendium Hybrid at \$395 based on the market for advanced sports watches... but then stopped ourselves. Since this is no ordinary economy, we decided to offer the Compendium Hybrid at 92% off. That means this new technological marvel can be yours for only \$2995!

Welcome a new Digital Revolution.

With the release of the dynamic new Compendium, those boxy, plastic wrist calculators of the past have been replaced by this luxurious LCD chronograph that is sophisticated enough for a formal evening out, but rugged and tough

enough to feel at home in a cockpit, camping expedition or covert mission.

The watch's extraordinary dial seamlessly blends an analog watch face with a stylish digital display. Three super-bright luminous hands keep time along the inner dial, while a trio of circular LCD windows track the hour, minutes and seconds. An

eye-catching digital semi-circle animates in time with the second hand and shows the day of the week. The watch also features a rotating bezel, stopwatch and alarm The Compendium: The functions and green spectacular face of the electro-luminescence latest watch technology.



backlight. The Compendium Hybrid secures with a rugged stainless steel band and is water-resistant to 3 ATMs.

Guaranteed to change the way you **look at time.** At Stauer, we believe that when faced with an uphill economy, innovation and better value will always provide a much-needed boost. Stauer is so confident of their latest hybrid timepiece

that we offer a money-back-guarantee. If for any reason you aren't fully impressed by the performance and innovation of the Stauer Compendium Hybrid for \$2995, simply return the watch within 30 days for a full refund of the purchase price. The unique design of the Compendium greatly limits our production, so don't hesitate to order! Remember: progress and innovation wait for no one!

WATCH SPECS:

- Three LCD windows show hour, minute and second
- Stop watch function Fits 6 3/4"-8 3/4" wrist
- 2 year warranty on movement

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Stauer Compendium Hybrid Watch—\$395 Now \$29⁹⁵ +S&P Save over \$365

Other discounts and coupons do not apply to this exclusive offer.

Call now to take advantage of this limited offer.

Promotional Code VHW730-06 Please mention this code when you call.

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SEX TOYS

ARE YOU LONESOME TONIGHT?

BY CHRIS NIERATKO

1 / Black Label Esse Chaise

Christmas is my favorite time of the year. I don't really bother with many other holidays-although I do celebrate Kwanza and Hanukkah to increase the number of days I get presents in December. Just how dedicated am I? I decorate my home so Griswold-bright that you can see it from outer space; and from Black Friday to Three Kings Day I casually wear a Santa Claus coat over my regular attire. My therapist says my holiday spirit comes from it being the only day my drunk old man would give us any peace growing up, but I disagree. I was a child with very few toys or material items, and birthdays and Christmas were the only times my mom could afford to buy gifts. So while there may be deep-rooted psychological reasons for my love of the season, there's the simple fact that a boy likes receiving toys. January to December, I would spend countless hours daydreaming of what wonderful piece of plastic Santa would bring me. I would create extensive lists, checking them twice, all the while knowing Mom could only afford to buy one item. (I'd circle the most desired gift in red ink.) Over the years I circled a G.I. Joe with the kung fu grip, a Millennium Falcon, X-Men #94, a bike, a new father, and a skateboard.

As I got older and the presents stopped coming, I continued to make wish lists for my own entertainment. When we unpacked into our new home a decade ago, my wife found a scrap of paper with the words *blowjob*, *double blowjob*, *butt sex*, and *ménage* à *trois* circled in red, and asked what it was. "That's all I'll ever want for Christmas so long as I live," I told her.

But that was before I discovered the Liberator line of foam sex chairs, pillows, and bedroom adventure gear. Three years ago my wife and I had our world rocked to its very core when we bought the Wing pillow—a sweet Christmas gift to ourselves. After our first session of game-changing sex with it, we looked at each other and wondered aloud, "What the hell have we been doing with our lives up until now?" The firm, ridable, polyurethane foam opened up a number of new positions unattainable by stacking our soft, feather peasant pillows. We've since taken our Wing around the world; we refuse to leave home without it.

And just when we thought sex couldn't get any better, Liberator sends us the Esse Chaise, making us rethink everything we thought we knew about sex.

Fire. Flight. Electricity. Smartphones. Man has imagined



numerous wonderful and revolutionary discoveries over time, and all of them pale in comparison to the joy provided by Liberator's Esse Chaise. You may think I'm exaggerating, but I promise you, for the low, low price of 90 cups of Starbucks coffee, your sex life will be improved so drastically it cannot even be quantified by science...yet.

I have been fucking my wife for 15 years—we have a healthy and wild sex life, we have intimate knowledge of every inch of each other's bodies, and we're both aware of our strengths and weaknesses. And yet the Esse Chaise, with its ergonomic and sexually advanced design, has allowed us to experience new feels and hit places no couch or bed ever allowed. With their full line of options and accessories, Liberator has now replaced "double blowjobs" and has been circled in red on my permanent wish list.

To go out on a limb, I'd say that if everyone owned this sex chair there would be world peace. Hunger and homelessness would be a thing of the past. And religious persecution would no longer exist. All because humanity would exalt the new god: Esse Chaise.

Rating: 13 (on a scale of 1 to 10)

liberator.com



2 / Icicles #33

Remember when Ralphie shot his eye out in A Christmas Story? I had a childhood friend, Travis, who (sort of) did the same thing, except he wasn't wearing glasses and the icicle that fell off his garage went straight into his eyeball. His eye literally shot out. Well, not literally, but he never saw out of his left eye again.

Travis was forced to wear an eye patch, which we all thought was extremely cool because, well, pirates are cool. But one day he explained to me, "Pirates are only cool when you don't have to be one every single day of your life. Then pirates suck." Eventually he decided to put his pirating days behind him and get a prosthetic eye, which, if you've ever seen a prosthetic eye in person, is way creepier and far less cool than a pirate's eye patch. Depression eventually got the best of him and he turned to alcohol and then heroin. The last time I saw him was at a house party, he had his pants around his ankles, prosthetic eyeball stuffed into his foreskin, cock in hand, chasing girls around the house, screaming, "Beware the one-eyed monster!"

My wife has heterochromia iridium, and the joke I always make is that she has one blue eye and two brown eyes. My motherin-law loves that one. After we were finished wrapping presents recently, we decided to open up our gift of this Pipedream

ten-function glass teaser that AdultEmpire.com sent me. As I pressed the cute teddy bear-shaped glass vibrator against my wife's clit, just inches from one of her brown eyes, I couldn't help but think of that scene from the 80s comedy Better Off Dead, when John Cusack's character, Lane Meyer, attempts to kill himself on Christmas Day with carbon monoxide because he got his ex-girlfriend Beth the world's smallest teddy bear (roughly the same size as this compact and transportable teaser). As I stared deep inside my wife, my mind tried to Google what year that movie came out. 1984? Or was it 1985? Either way, it was right around that time that my friend's eye was shot out by an icicle. As I pressed the Pipedream icicle harder against her lady parts, I found myself wondering what ever happened to ole Travis. Had he gotten clean and made a new life for himself? Did he OD? Had he joined the circus? Or become a Somali pirate?

"What are you thinking about?" my wife asked, snapping me back to attention.

"Our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ's birthday, naturally," I responded.

"Well, even Baby Jesus knows my clit isn't up by my belly button, so can you try to focus on what you're doing?" "Yes, dear. Merry Christmas, dear."

Rating: 8 pipedreamproducts.com O+3

GET THE PICTURE ■ HE Hubble Space Telescope image of the Bubble Nebula, or NGC 7635, was chosen to mark the 26th anniversary of Hubble's launch into Earth's orbit by the STS-31 space shuttle crew on April 24, 1990. "As Hubble makes its 26th revolution around our home star, the sun, we celebrate the event with a spectacular image of a dynamic and exciting interaction of a young star with its environment. The view of the Bubble Nebula, crafted from [Wide Field Camera] 3 images, reminds us that Hubble gives us a front-row seat to the awe-inspiring universe we live in," said John Grunsfeld, astronaut and associate administrator of NASA's Science Mission Directorate at NASA Headquarters in Washington, D.C. The Bubble Nebula is seven light-years across—about one-and-a-half times the distance from our sun to its nearest stellar neighbor, Alpha Centauri-and resides 7,100 light-years from Earth in the constellation Cassiopeia. Otta Credit: NASA 20 PENTHOUSE



HANNIBAL **BURESS**

EVER since his infamous Bill Cosby rape joke went viral, Chicago's Hannibal Buress has gone from strength to strength. But it didn't happen overnight for the stand-up comic. Buress has put in the hard work over a number of years, refining his comedic timing while testing his skills in film and television-all on his way to becoming one of America's funniest comedians.

Following his breakout on Comedy Central's The Awkward Comedy Show, Buress released his first comedy album, My Name Is Hannibal-50 minutes of eyewatering hilarity showcasing his insightful wit, and his unique mixture of observational comedy, self-deprecating humor, dark satire, and pickle juice.

With the success of his stand-up career, Buress landed a job writing for Saturday Night Live in 2009. After only one of his sketches aired in a year with the show, Buress moved on to writing for Tina Fey's 30 Rock. Six months later, he shifted his full attention back to his stand-up routine, releasing the instant classic Animal Furnace in 2012.

Meanwhile, Buress continued acting, joining fellow comic and pal Eric Andre for The Eric Andre Show, a surreal parody of low-budget public-access talk shows. Buress also scored a recurring role on the hit comedy Broad City, playing a lovable, wellmeaning dentist and on-again-off-again love interest of the show's main character.

In 2014, with his career gaining traction, a joke Buress had been using for six months finally pushed him into the mainstream. Jabbing at Bill Cosby and his habit of putting down young comedians, Buress told the audience, "Yeah, but you raped women, Bill Cosby, so, kinda brings you down a couple notches." A clip of the joke found its way to the internet, and Buress became an overnight success (ten years in the making). Cosby, meanwhile, is awaiting trial for sexual assault.

Since his game-changing remark, Buress is a man in demand. His first Netflix special, Comedy Camisado, aired in 2015, and he's landed roles in the upcoming blockbusters Baywatch and Spider-Man: Homecoming.

All this along with having just completed a whirlwind international tour, Buress has definitely gone up a couple notches. Of the



MASTERS **OF METAL: METALLICA**

ETALLICA'S first album in eight years, Hardwired...to Destruct, is one of the surprise releases of 2016. A tribute to their early material that doesn't neglect experimentation, the double album is peak Metallica (like back when they were known

as Alcohollica), and one of the best releases this year. To celebrate their tenth studio album, we've delved into their catalogue to highlight albums that have defined their career.



Metallica's debut was rightly considered the pioneering force behind thrash metal, but it almost didn't see the light of day. Guitarist Dave Mustaine was replaced by Kirk Hammett just weeks before the band entered the studio and forced to work with old equipment and a producer who didn't understand what the band was aiming for. Metallica found a distributor for the album at the last minute, but once released, Kill 'Em All received universal praise from music critics and is cited as one of the fastest and heaviest releases of that time. Although it was the group's lowest-selling album, singles "Whiplash" and "Seek & Destroy" helped Metallica secure a cult following among metal heads that continues to this day.

FRIDE THE LIGHTNING (1984)

If Kill 'Em All was Metallica treading the waters of metal, then Ride the Lightning was the band well and truly diving into the heavy-metal deep end. Recorded in Denmark with former Rainbow producer Flemmina Rasmussen. expanded exponentially on their debut, with Cliff Burton's classically trained

background broadening Metallica's sonic structure. Burton's driving bass lines combined with Hammett's

aggressive riffs and Lars Ulrich's pummeling drums was the perfect platform for James Hetfield's socially aware lyrics. Ride the Lightning was a huge step forward and a great sign of maturity from a group of guys barely out of their teens.

MASTER OF PUPPETS (1986)

We would be remiss not to include this

album on Metallica's career highlights list. Master of Puppets is their masterpiece. Not a moment is wasted on the eight tracks of abrasive, soul-scorching metal,



full of heavy lyrical themes-an album regarded as one of the most influential and powerful in the genre. Words simply cannot do this album justice.

...AND JUSTICE **FOR ALL (1988)**

Metallica's live fast, die young lifestyle was shattered by the death of bassist Cliff Burton

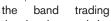
> in 1986, after their tour bus crashed

in Sweden, and the band skirted collapse. Needing to re-focus on their music, they recruited bassist Jason Newsted to take Burton's place and entered the studio to record their most ambitious project to date. A collection of progressive metal tracks-with heavy lyrical themes about politics, the legal system, and war-this was trademark Metallica. A little overblown at times, the album said good-bye to Burton before his erstwhile bandmates embarked on a different musical direction.

THE BLACK ALBUM (1991)

"Enter Sandman." "The Unforgiven." "Nothing Else Matters." These are just three songs from Metallica's dark, fifth

album that launched them into certified rock stardom. Produced by Bob Rock (Aerosmith, Bon Jovi, Mötley Crüe) and costing over a million dollars, the album found



the thrash sound they had mastered over four albums for a more melodic and slower approach. It worked. The album, a monster success that still stands the test of time, helped the boys of Metallica cross into the mainstream without sacrificing their credibility.

Give it a listen and you'll be reminded why Metallica will always be the Balls. Otto









HOLLYWOOD HOUSE PARTY

HE holidays are here, which means more drunken antics than you can shake a candy cane at. But it's too goddamned cold to go out, the traffic is crazy, and you're already shitfaced. The better option is to get loose indoorspreferably at a house party.

And where better to get your inspiration than the big screen? Because movies are real, right? Over the years, films have provided some of the biggest and funniest on-screen parties and helped turn no-name actors into stars. From Jim Levenstein's awkward sexual escapades in *American Pie*, to the weekend-long bachelor party (sort of) of *The Hangover*, parties on film provide a nice baseline for the debauchery you can create in the safety of your own home.

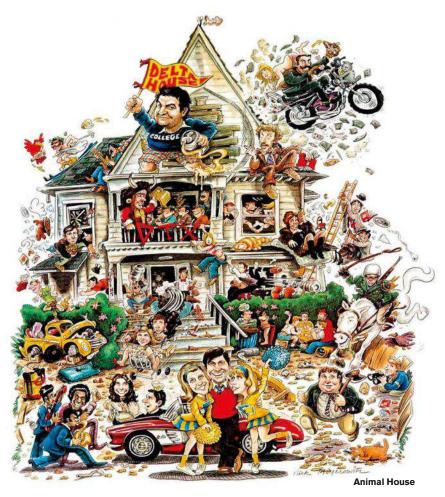


1978's Animal House is regarded as the benchmark when it comes to party films. Following the hijinks of a motley college fraternity, the film is still a major influence for party flicks, and did more for the toga than Guccione's own Caligula. Animal House introduced the classic college stereotypes (the geek, the jock, the misfit, and the slob) and a plot revolving around drinking, parties, sex, and defying authority—all major themes running through successful films of the aughts such as Can't Hardly Wait, Van Wilder, and the American Pie franchise.

The film also introduced audiences to John Belushi's "Bluto" Blutarsky, a drunken degenerate in his seventh year of college who rallies his fraternity to take revenge on everyone trying to spoil their college fun. Bluto is the quintessetial party clown who inspired everything from Dead Man's Curve's crazy Cliff, to Will Ferrell's "Frank the Tank" in Old School.

> **HOUSE PARTY** (1978)

Tracking as a close second, the 1990 classic, *House Party*, has all the hallmarks of a successful party film. Lead character Kid sneaks out of his home to attend a party thrown by his good friend Play,



and an evening of chaos ensues—Kid is chased by school bullies as he navigates numerous obstacles on his way to the party where he attempts to woo (that's fancy talk for *smash*) his crush Sydney. The film was a huge success, tapping into the charm and spirit of hip-hop culture in a way that even white America found accessible. Four horrible sequels followed, but the original was so solid, it influenced a host of hip-hop comedies including Ice Cube's *Friday* series, as well as more recent flicks like *Project X* and 21 & Over.

> SIXTEEN CANDLES (1984)

This might seem like a strange choice, but the John Hughes masterpiece ushered in a new era of party films in the eighties. Hughes added a dramatic edge to his films that delved into characters' motives and emotions, combining coming-of-age stories with just the right amount of laughs. Sixteen Candles also featured the aftermath of a massive party, something hardly seen then but is the norm now. Hughes continued his love of on-screen parties in Pretty in Pink and Weird Science. It's also safe to say that without Sixteen Candles there would be no gems like The Breakfast Club or

Say Anything, nor would teen hits like 10 Things I Hate About You or Clueless exist. Plus, we are eternally grateful to Hughes for blessing us with Long Duk Dong and his horribly xenophobic one liners like, "Ohhh, sexy girlfriend!" and, "What's happening, hot stuff?"

> THE HANGOVER (2009)

While the standard house party is fun, when it's transplanted to Vegas as a bachelor party, you know you're in for a good time, as was the case with 2009's The Hangover. This film-about three buddies trying to piece together the night before-had everything from stun-gun shenanigans to Mike Tyson singing a Phil Collins song to a misplaced baby wearing aviators. The film played on our nostalgia for eighties comedies, and spawned two below-average sequels (that had their moments). It also inspired the hit comedy Bridesmaids, along with a host of other horrible rip-offs; and it launched outsider comic Zach Galifianakis from Between Two Ferns into a household name.

> **DELIVERANCE** (1972)

No! For godsakes, this was not a party movie. Unless you're into pig squeals... and some really horrible shit. O+2



























26 PENTHOUSE

TECH

NERD ME UP

NCE upon a time, being a nerd was *not* cool. But that time is no more, gone the way of Fortran (you'd know what we're talking about if you were an actual nerd). So, nerds, this one's for you: We've scoured the globe to find the best gadgets to add to your arsenal.

1 / DIGITAL MICROSCOPE CAMERA

We never got the chance to use the microscope at school because they didn't have them in the "special class." But now we can make up for lost time. This camera provides 400x magnification, just enough to fill the void we feel.

2 / POWERUP 3.0 SMARTPHONE-CONTROLLED PAPER PLANE

It doesn't matter that you sucked at making paper airplanes in school. Now just about anyone can fold a plane, slide on the module, and laugh in the face of their adversaries as they fly a new, iPhone-controlled, pointy paper projectile...with no risk of injuring your wrist that you need for more important activities.

poweruptoys.com \$50

3 / LASER KEYBOARD

Do you like typing? It doesn't really matter; you do it on a daily basis regardless. Tap your way (kind of) into the future with this sci-fi, QWERTY keyboard. The best thing about it? It's a freakin' laser.

red5.co.uk \$90

4 / PULP FICTION ACTION FIGURES

The world would be a better place if we were all as weird as Tarantino and as cool as Samuel L. Jackson. But we're not, and it isn't. Not to worry, we can still buy these *Pulp Fiction* action figures and be cool like three little Fonzies.

beelinecreative.com \$50 each

5 / STAR WARS C-3PO SPEAKER

Level up your desk Tattooine-style with this epic *Star Wars* collectible Bluetooth speaker. Standing at nearly a foot tall, this thing will not get you laid, but fuck it, that was never going to happen anyway. "Don't blame me. I'm an interpreter. I'm not supposed to know a power socket from a computer terminal." acworldwide.cool/\$200

6 / STAR WARS BB-8 DROID

Growing up to realize the Force isn't real and Santa doesn't exist is no fun, but don't let that stop you from pretending. Buy this, become a droid-controlling master, and awaken the Jedi Knight within. (Santa is still not real, however.)

sphero.com \$150



7 / IRON MAN MARK XLIII COLLECTIBLE FIGURE

This 1/4-scale figurine of Tony Stark's Mark XLIII suit—the same one he donned in *Avengers: Age of Ultron*—features a brand new head sculpt along with hand-painted armor and interchangeable forearm rocket launchers. It's a special toy...and an even more special woman will appreciate you for it, my friend. Keep her. sideshowtoy.com \$545

8 / FLICKERZ FLICKABLE FLYING DISC

Flickerz crosses into that ethereal "nerd bro" territory where *MythBusters* and Razr scooters exist. It's a place where no one admits to indulging in geeky whims, but secretly thinks they're awesome because they do. Join your nerd bros in Silicon Beach for a wicked flick with the world's first flickable mini flying disc. jungotoys.com \$5

9 / HUBSAN FPV X4 DRONE

Every nerd needs a drone. And every drone needs a nerd. (Sing it, Beyoncé.) This thing will follow you like a dog in the air, has first-person view (for spy missions), an HD camera, and a "return to home" GPS function so it won't get stuck anyplace your girlfriend's dad can find it.

hubsan.com \$50 and up

10 / LEGO FERRARI F40 KIT

If you've ever asked yourself, Should I buy LEGO?, the answer is yes, always yes! They are the building blocks of life. That and DNA (which, if you look closely, is also LEGO). Now is your chance to build your first Ferrari and get up close to one of the world's iconic supercars.

shop.lego.com \$100



HE Call of Duty and Battlefield series of shooters are the two pillars of gaming's military-industrial complex, at times depicting the same wars and deploying players to the same battlefields. But this year's installments occupy opposite corners of time and space. While Battlefield 1 retreats to the trenches of Europe circa 1918, Call of Duty: Infinite Warfare continues the series' giant leap into the future. There, the singleplayer campaign gives you command of not only your own space fighter for Battlestar Galactica-style dogfights, but an entire warship capable of faster-than-light hops across the solar system. Welcome to Call of Duty...in spaaaaace.

Infinite Warfare is set in a future where a resource-strapped Earth relies on its space colonies to keep the lights on and the hovertrains running on time. A rogue admiral, played by Game of Throne's Kit Harington, leads an army of off-world insurgents who will cut off Earth's supply unless your forces stop him. Battles range from boots-on-terra-firma shootouts to skirmishes on orbital platforms and asteroids, with missions transitioning between dogfights and grappling-hookassisted combat in zero gravity. As always, single-player can feel like a shooting gallery in canned environments-but with action sequences rivaling Michael Bay's wildest dreams.

Of course, multiplayer is what gives Infinite Warfare its infinite replayability, and here the online modes come in two flavors: You get the traditional competitive maps dominated by the pimpled and unemployed, except now with "combat rigs" preset for different types of players, and equipped with customizable perks that level the playing field. More interesting is the co-op throwback "Zombies in Spaceland," in which four players assume the roles of eighties archetypes (nerd, jock, Valley girl, and rapper) fighting through a zombie-infested theme park. Performances by Paul "Pee-Wee Herman" Reubens and David Hasselhoff add to the silly ambienceunlike the work of the guest stars listed below.

STAR STRUCK: GAMING'S LAMEST CELEBRITY APPEARANCES

>4< **AEROSMITH IN REVOLUTION X** (Arcade, 1994)

Incontrovertibly the most '90s piece of electronic entertainment ever relegated to ROM, Revolution X arms players with a machine gun that fires CDs at jackbooted soldiers and dominatrix skanks-all forces of a shadowy paramilitary organization hell-bent on keeping Aerosmith's light rock from corrupting the impressionable youth.

> 3 < **50 CENT IN 50 CENT: BLOOD ON THE SAND** (Xbox 360, PS3, 2009)

Bulletproof rapper 50 Cent brings his piece to the Middle East in this third-person shooter that isn't so much terrible as it is ludicrous beyond even rap-video standards of absurdity. The game's star declares war on terrorism after a Talibanlike organization steals his payday from a soldout show in an unnamed Middle Eastern nation.

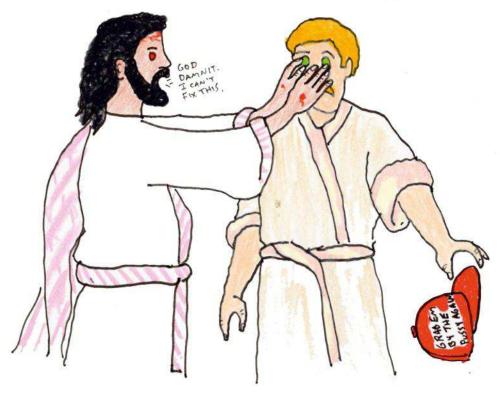
> 2 < DANA PLATO IN **NIGHT TRAP** (Sega CD, 1992)

The cute sister on Diffrent Strokes went into a career death spiral after her show left the airwaves in 1986. One stop on her way to the bottom: this role as an undercover "Sega Command Attack Team" (or S.C.A.T.) agent trying to protect sorority girls from monsters (aka dudes dressed in garbage bags).

> 1 < **GALLAGHER'S GALLERY** (Arcade, 1992)

"Winners don't use drugs," reads the PSA at the start of this arcade oddity, just before watermelon-hating prop comic and insatiable marijuana consumer Gallagher rolls into view on an adult-size Big Wheel while inviting players to take up light guns in shooting sequences obviously designed by a chemicallyassisted mind.





Poushalker

THE BAY AREA EMPEROR

A HOMELESS MAN DECLARES HIMSELF EMPEROR OF THE UNITED STATES. BY SEAN BRUCE

HE presidential election is finally over, and you're no doubt trying to forget about it. Unfortunately, it's going to be difficult since we're stuck with that decision for the next four years, at least. Also, we're pretty sure Ted Cruz is already gearing up to start his 2020 presidential bid... so there's that to look forward to...and as satirist and long-time political pundit P. J. O'Rourke suggests: Don't vote—it just encourages the bastards. But let's remember, crazy politicians are nothing new in this country.

One of the strangest stories of all comes out of San Francisco, and concerns the very first and last Emperor of the United States. Emperor Norton was incredibly well-liked and was considered somewhat of a local treasure by his fellow citizens, who indulged his delusions by bowing to him during his "royal" walks.

"subjects," who went out of their way to entertain his fantasy. As his popularity grew, souvenir photos and dolls popped up in stores around the city. Local restaurants would often allow him to skip out on his bill in exchange for a stamped royal decree bearing his seal. Taxis and ferries also charged him no fee, transporting him wherever his royal whim desired. A local printing shop went so far as to print the mad monarch his own currency, emblazoned with his image and royal seal.

On one occasion, a local law enforcement official made the grave mistake of arresting the emperor for vagrancy. A public outcry ensued, with one local writer standing up for the incarcerated monarch: "Since he has worn the Imperial purple [he] has shed no blood, robbed nobody, and despoiled the country of no one, which is more than can be said for his fellows in that line." Upon release, no police officer ever committed

AS THE UNITED STATES DREW CLOSER TO CIVIL WAR, NORTON DISSOLVED THE UNION AND DECLARED AN ABSOLUTE MONARCHY, WITH HIMSELF AS ITS SOVEREIGN.

The story begins on September 17, 1859, when Joshua A. Norton, a former businessmen who squandered his small fortune on a risky commercial venture, posted an unusual letter to the San Francisco *Bulletin*, declaring himself Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico. The letter was published by the editors as a joke, but over the next 20 years, Emperor Norton would become one of the most recognized characters in the Bay Area.

Wearing an epaulette-adorned naval coat, a cap with an ostrich feather, and wielding an old army saber, Emperor Norton issued a number of imperial decrees during his reign, which local newsmen eagerly published. His first motion was to dissolve Congress (which, looking at the current state of political affairs, might not have been so crazy after all). When Congress had the nerve to continue meeting, Norton ordered General Winfield Scott to march on the Capitol and detain the legislators. The following year, as the United States drew closer to civil war, he dissolved the Union and declared an absolute monarchy, with himself as its sovereign.

Norton's endearing kookiness won him the adulation of his

such an egregious error again, making certain to salute their monarch whenever they saw him.

As testament to his enduring popularity, Emperor Norton inspired Mark Twain, who worked as a journalist in the area, to create the character of the kooky King, a royal imposter who appears in *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*.

On January 8, 1880, Norton I, Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, died suddenly from a stroke while walking among his people. Newspapers around the country lamented his death. Le ROI EST MORT ("THE KING IS DEAD") read the morning headline in the San Francisco Chronicle. As evidence of his reputation among Bay Area residents, Norton's funeral was attended by more than 10,000 loyal subjects who came to mourn the passing of their beloved emperor.

And although most of his royal mandates were ridiculous, one stands out. In the early 1870s, Norton announced with great prescience that the city was to fund and construct a bridge between San Francisco and Oakland. Ignored at the time, Norton I's decree eventually became reality in 1936 with the opening of the majestic Bay Bridge.





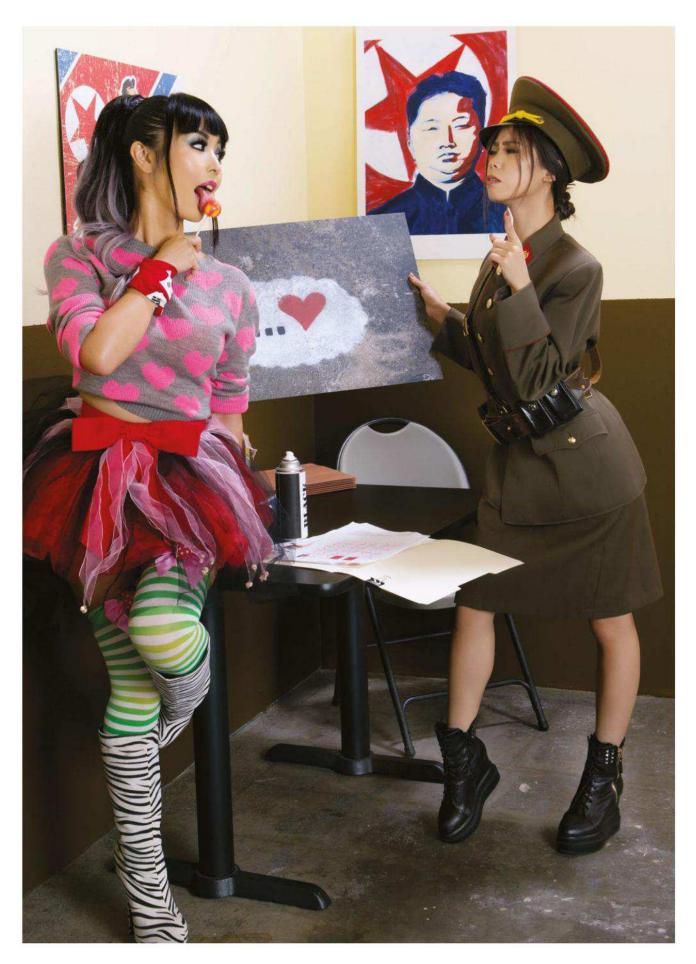
KIM JONG-OOOOOOOOH MY!

Joey Kim and Marica Hase put their differences aside for some playful fun in the Korean Demilitarized Zone. Yes, we know that Marica Hase is Japanese, but she assured us that she's a fantastic actress.

If you're feeling bold, join us as we venture into the DMZ and attempt $\,$ to resolve over sixty years of conflict with some good ol' fashioned sueum(that's Korean for "flicking the bean curd").

Photography: Tammy Sands



























o⊢<u>s</u> COLUMN

DOES PORN CAUSE HARM?

BY ALAN M. DERSHOWITZ

here has been a renewed effort recently to "prove" pornography is dangerous both to its consumers and to victims of sexual assault. Today, antiporn campaigners compare porn-viewers to drug addicts, and describe pornography as a "health crisis." Even the most recent Republican party platform declared: "Pornography, with its harmful effects, especially on children, has become a public health crisis that is destroying the lives of millions." Pamela Anderson and Rabbi Shmuley Boteach seem to be the two latest antiporn evangelists. They warn that porn has become a "public hazard of unprecedented seriousness," that threatens to produce an entire generation "inured to intimacy and in need of even greater graphic stimulation."

Much as in the 1970s and 1980s, many modern antiporn activists seem motivated primarily by puritanical attitudes toward sexuality. Beneath a pseudo-scientific veneer, groups like Fight the New Drug—which is responsible for slogans such as "Porn Leaves

You Lonely," "Porn Kills Love," and "Porn Hates Families"—are closely affiliated with religious institutions that have long opposed pornography on moral grounds. But the rhetorical hyperbole of their claims masks a glaring problem: There is no proof that watching porn leads to the negative consequences they describe.

In previous efforts to ban pornography, "proof" was offered that pornography directly caused consumers to rape. However, even the Meese Commission, which was established by the Reagan

administration to validate this hypothesis, failed to demonstrate any causal relationship between porn consumption and sexual violence. On the contrary, several studies have since come to the opposite conclusion: Porn usage has correlated to *fewer* incidents of sexual assault in the United States. In fact, as Americans have consumed more and more porn, rates of rape have dropped dramatically. The same has held true in other countries, including Denmark, Germany, Sweden, Japan, and China. As governments have relaxed restrictive pornography legislation and access to pornography has increased, rates of rape have plummeted.

Such evidence may be anecdotal, but at the very least, as a 2009 review of scientific literature on the relationship between porn consumption and sexual violence concluded: "It is time to discard the hypothesis that pornography contributes to increased sexual assault behavior." There is absolutely no demonstrable evidence establishing a causal link between pornography and sexual violence.

So now, those who are trying to censor pornography are making a slightly different claim. They argue that pornography is a public health hazard, that it causes addiction among consumers, that it engenders sexism, and that it has an impact on productivity, on marriage, and on general health. The easy availability of pornography on the internet and other sources has made it pervasive. Consumers no longer have to go to theaters or sex shops. Everyone with a smartphone is just a click away from easy access to free porn. This has been true now for at least a decade, perhaps more. One would expect, therefore, that the alleged evils associated with pornography by antiporn activists would have multiplied dramatically.

Instead, rates of sexual violence and rape have decreased dramatically since the advent of internet pornography—between 1990 and 2010, the number of rapes per capita was cut in half; in 2013, they reached their lowest point since the 1960s. Moreover, scientists have concluded that regular consumers of mainstream pornography have roughly the same sexual experiences, and experience the same degree of intimacy in their relationships, as people who do not watch porn. There is also no evidence to support the claim that porn leads to sexism. A

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2007 study concluded that there was no correlation between regular porn consumption and negative attitudes towards women. Scientists have also debunked the comparison between drug addiction and porn addiction. In short, as a researcher at the University of Hawaii observed, "There's absolutely no evidence that pornography does anything negative."

The evidence strongly supports that people who consume pornography do so simply to give themselves momentary pleasure. Porn is largely an aid to masturbation, and masturbation

is an important part of sexuality for many people of all ages and genders. The Bible prohibits masturbation, calling it *onanism;* but there is no legal prohibition, nor should there be, against what used to be referred to as self-abuse, but now is widely seen as self-pleasure. In fact, the Declaration of Independence takes the supporting view that the pursuit of happiness is an important component of liberty. Meanwhile, Puritanism has been described as "the haunting fear that someone, somewhere, may be happy."

The reality is that some people simply don't like other people enjoying porn. They believe it coarsens sensibilities; projects sexist images of women; reduces sex to sport; objectifies both women and men; and projects negative values regarding love, romance, and sexuality. Some radical feminists even describe pornography as "sexist propaganda." These debatable arguments may all be true, but they make a strong case for why pornography must be deemed a constitutionally protected form of expression. There is a vast difference, in a democracy governed by the rule of law, between objecting to a form of expression and trying to ban it by means of governmental or other institutional censorship. Let the debate continue about the virtues and vices of porn, but let the law stay out of our smartphones, computers, and bedrooms.







CONVENTIONS BELONG IN VEGAS

BY STEVE FABER

WAS a political junkie before I could speak. Or thereabouts. I was half-nerd, half-savant.

But my political addiction isn't satisfied by election night anymore. The modern era has washed away the suspense of who our next POTUS will be. Metadata so windy and circuitous is now placed on a variety of gigantic iPads, telling us who our Commander-in-Chief will be a month before the election. All this because of some focus group in Pignuts, Iowa, and other places like it, where you can find every conceivable breakdown of the "real" American man/woman, the human avatar representing each variation on the human being: black, white, Latino, Asian, reader of the Bible, lover of the the Bible, gun carrier, lover of his/her gun, would-be performer of coitus with his/her gun if so allowed by a particular state (and I believe there are no state restrictions on gun-loving at present). Coitus with gun while Bible is present. Coitus while an Asian gun is present (again, I believe this is allowed in all 50 states). And so on.

The combination of focus groups and data has killed a great American thrill: the presidential nomination and election process.

One can probably date the demise back to that "No one saw it coming!" night when Jimmy Carter got creamed by Ronald Reagan in 1980. The modern era, meanwhile—with data and stats and pundits reading the newly minted data and stats, as other pundits and commentators try to affix the patina of an action-packed James Bond film to a presidential election night that's essentially a snoozer—is just a lot of sound and fury.

But it's not like we gave up hope overnight. While Reagan was drifting off at the wheel, it became prudent and financially wise to get an MBA, take a course in statistics, and enter an industry that makes an insurance broker look like a uranium miner. Data visualization—it's pretty cool, but it's like knowing what all your presents are before



TODAY'S DIRTY LITTLE SECRET IS THAT ALL THESE STAT FREAKS ALREADY KNOW THE ANSWER. THEY KNOW WHO'S GOING TO WIN.

Christmas. Today's dirty little secret is that all these stat freaks already know the answer. They know who's going to win.

For me, back in the day, it was the GOP and Democratic conventions that got my heart pounding. I received special parental dispensation during the two weeks of the two conventions, which I found wonderful, yet odd, as I was punished for every other possible sin. It just seemed natural that I would face a special sort of hell for staying up until 3 or 4 A.M., watching these great fights between delegates screaming at each other about each party's platform: Vietnam, Cambodia, inflation, more screaming, iournalists being manhandled and shoved around. The issues were important. Life-and-death important. Dispensation? Perhaps my parents knew big things were at stake, or maybe they just didn't give a shit.

I can tell you one thing: We don't give a shit about the "issues" anymore. Our modern American conventions look like variety shows with a We Have Talent or America Loves Assholes theme.

Think about it: We don't have floor flights and shrieking issues debates anymore, because we just don't know what the candidates really support. You may know what they don't stand for, though. In this past cluster of an election, Clinton stood for keeping private every bit of minutiae since she was eight years old and selling Girl Scout cookies. Trump stood for complete and utter stonewalling as it pertains to everything he's made, put his name on, branded, etc., originating both inside and outside of the United States.

I suppose Trump also stood for obliterating what he sees as our national mediocrity-by building a fucking wall. A wall that every geologist says would be silly at best. A wall that would require a set of Hiroshima-type blasts to penetrate mountains, rivers, and canyons, then bring back the people we forcibly deported to build the damn thing. Legally. That would take ten to fifteen years. Just getting your head around it would take ten to fifteen years.

In any event, everybody at the GOP convention last summer seemed to enjoy this proposition, yet one got the sense that the delegates didn't really, exactly, honest-to-goodness buy into this horseshit, as it was-how might an engineer put it?absolutely batshit crazy. Or as a geologist might say, absolutely and unbelievably batshit crazy. Oh, and never mind the morality of the event occurring in our highly educated and sophisticated society. Something similar happened in a highly educated and sophisticated Central European society, which is why I have no extended family.

You didn't see too much of VP nominees Pence and Kaine at the conventions, or after the conventions. That's because they were zombies. What middle-aged, white-haired zombieland did those two come from? Though, hand it to Kaine, he still tried out that rebel yell, that hootenanny howl. As for Trump's running mate, I'm willing to bet cash money that every morning, even now, when Mike wakes up, Mrs. Pence whispers, "You sold your soul, you sold your soul, you sold your soul." And then he brushes his teeth, finds a nook or cranny in some Indiana cornfield, and softly weeps.

But let's not let our Democratic friends off the hook. Hillary Clinton collapsed on her way to her SUV. Remember that? Whether it was pneumonia or because she truly grasped the magnitude of carrying around thirty thousand emails she refused to show anybody, including apparently the FBI (whose job it is to look at potentially felonious emails; I'm guessing the FBI gave up and left it to Russian hackers: Fuck it. You deal with it. Vladimir et al. We're done.).

I suggest that all political conventions convene in Las Vegas forevermore. You already know what the outcome is going to be. Nobody wins and, as they say, what happens in Vegas, stays in Vegas.

Including-and especially-our dignity. Otto



воокѕ

ROUGH TEXT

By Dave Carnie

HIS is probably the most preposterous assignment I've ever been given: reviewing books in an adult magazine. Who reads anything that's not on a phone these days? Worst. Assignment. Ever.

And by "worst," I mean "best." The absurdity of this exercise amuses me to no end. "Texts for nothing," as Samuel Beckett might have called this endeavor. But I'm into it. So let's go!

1 / David Bowie Play Book

By Matteo Guarnaccia

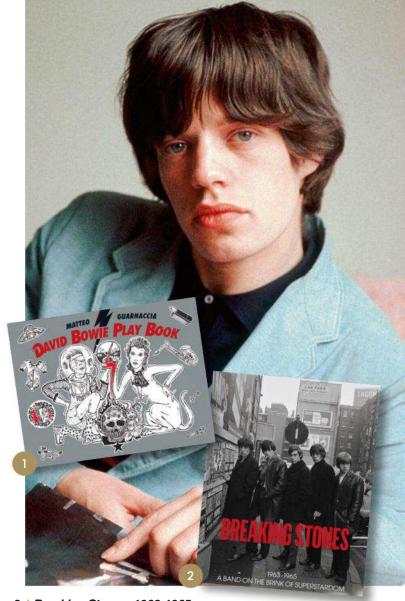
The editors at *Penthouse* couldn't have picked a better book to begin with: a David Bowie coloring book! A book review that no one is going to read, about a book that isn't even really a book. Frankly, I've never really understood coloring books. They seem like scratching posts for anal-retentive people, or punching bags for crayon-fisted children.

I don't even know where to start because I'm not sure if I'm supposed to add color to the lovely drawings of Bowie and all his freaky costumes. While the David Bowie Play Book resembles a coloring book, and there are scissors drawn throughout that seem to invite the viewer to cut out Bowie's paper costumes, I have the sneaking suspicion that this is actually art masquerading as a coloring book. Thus I hesitate to vandalize it.

Did you hear the story about that 91-year-old German lady that wrote on a piece of art disguised as a crossword puzzle on a wall in a Berlin museum? "Reading-work-piece, a 1977 work by Arthur Köpcke of the Fluxus movement, essentially looks like an empty crossword puzzle," it said in The Telegraph. "Next to the work is a sign which reads: 'Insert words.' The hapless pensioner explained to police that she was simply following the instructions."

I'm not going to jail over a David Bowie coloring book. Besides, it's quite nice as it is. And I get the feeling the artist, Matteo Guarnaccia, would know I was defacing his work. He seems to be all hooked up to the cosmic grid. I imagine Interpol would knock down my door the second a crayon touched Ziggy's luscious lips. As Guarnaccia himself says in the book: "I was already halfway through my project, listening to nothing but Bowie, immersed in his world of sounds (I was working on a drawing of his face), when I heard the news about his departure from Planet Earth. It was an event of pure synchronicity, the feeling that some sort of magical connection had been created."

If you have a computer, you can make your own magical connection with the David Bowie Play Book at amazon.com.



2 / Breaking Stones, 1963-1965: A Band on the Brink of Superstardom

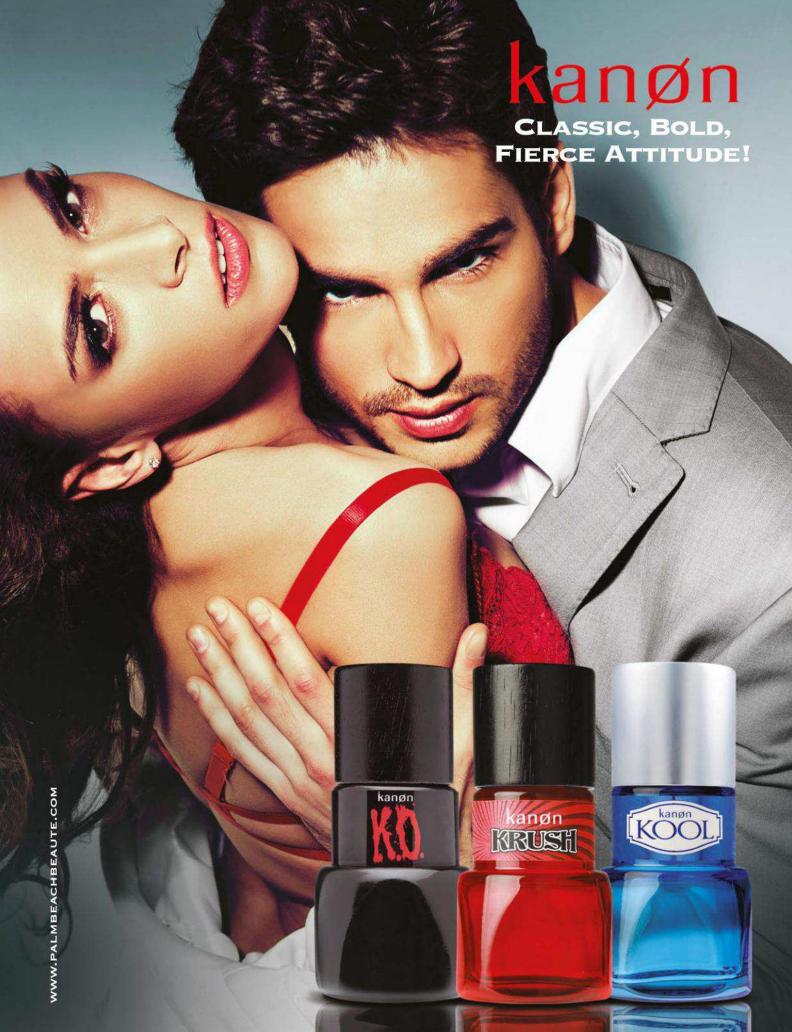
Photographs by Terry O'Neill and Gered Mankowitz, Edited by Robin Morgan

"There [the Station Hotel], on Sunday evenings, the hip kids throw themselves about to the new 'jungle music' like they never did in the more stinted days of trad. And the combo they writhe and twist to is called the Rollin' Stones."-from the New Record Mirror, May 11, 1963.

That peculiar snippet, along with all kinds of other quotes, articles, fliers, and ephemera from the Stones' early days, litter the pages of this new book and act as vignettes that guide the viewer through the galleries of images that capture the youth, the times, and the spirit of the band's formative years in London. This beautifully designed, largeformat volume features outtakes, contact sheets, and other never-before-seen photos of the Stones by legendary rock photographers Terry O'Neill and Gered Mankowitz.

I'm completely smitten by it. I actually prefer this collection of photos of the Rolling Stones to the Rolling Stones themselves. It's like enjoying pictures of a beautifully cooked steak more than the steak itself. In fact, I'd even go so far as to say that Breaking Stones, the book, is one of the greatest rock 'n' roll bands of all time.

Learn more about Breaking Stones at amazon.com. One



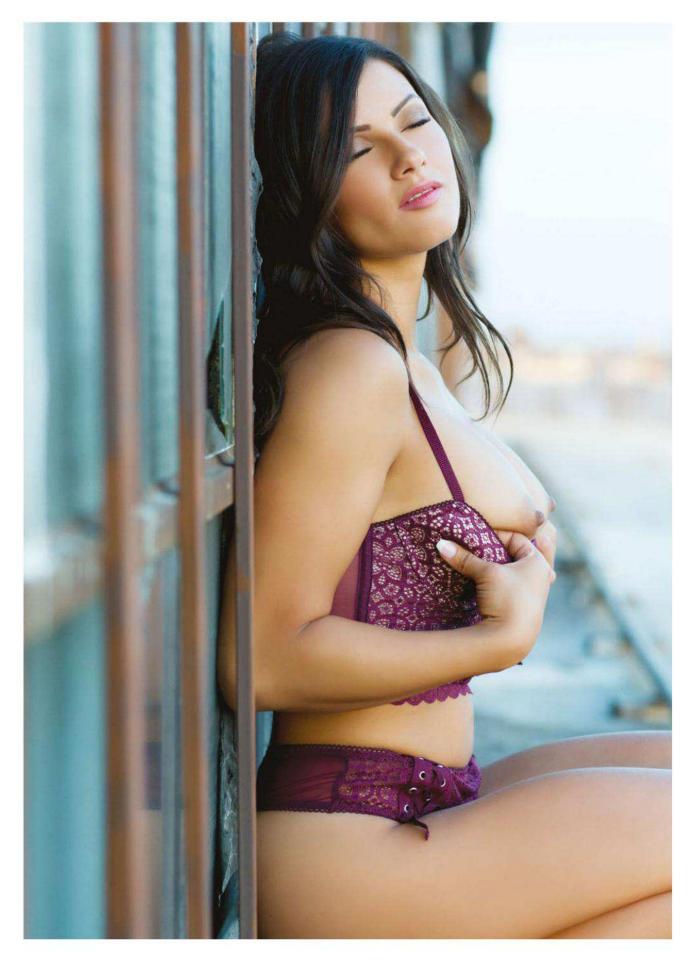


PRIVATE DANCER

We found December Pet of the Month "Blake" dancing at the Penthouse Club in New Orleans...and she is damn good at her job. After a few lap dances (yes, we were wearing sweatpants), clocking record time in the Executive Suite, and more bottle service than we can remember, we realized that Blake is a gift best shared with the world.

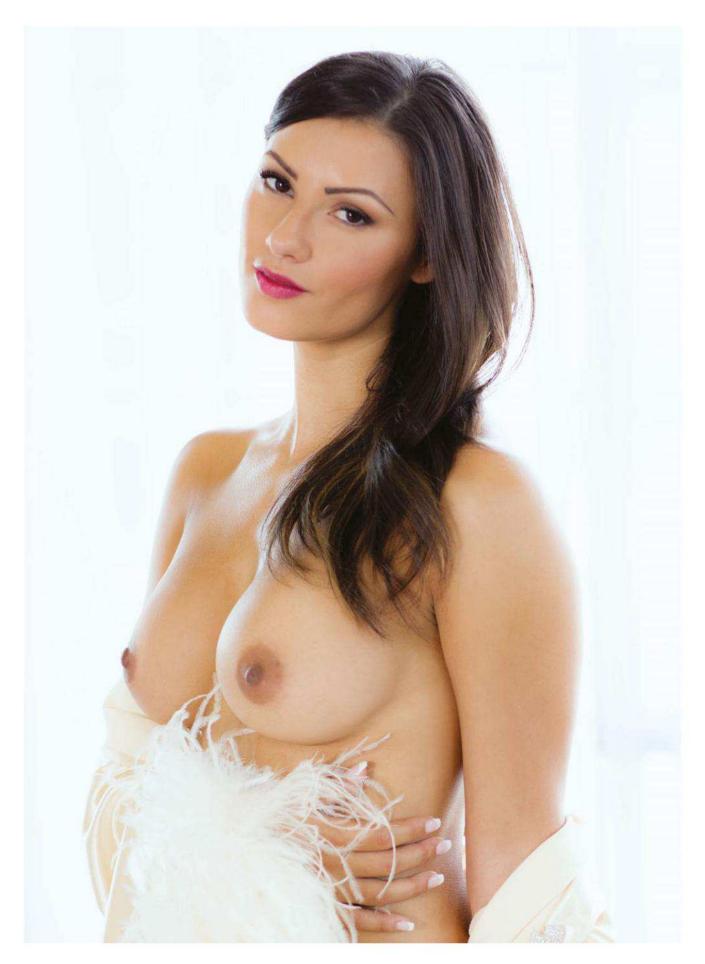
Photography: Ben Hoffman















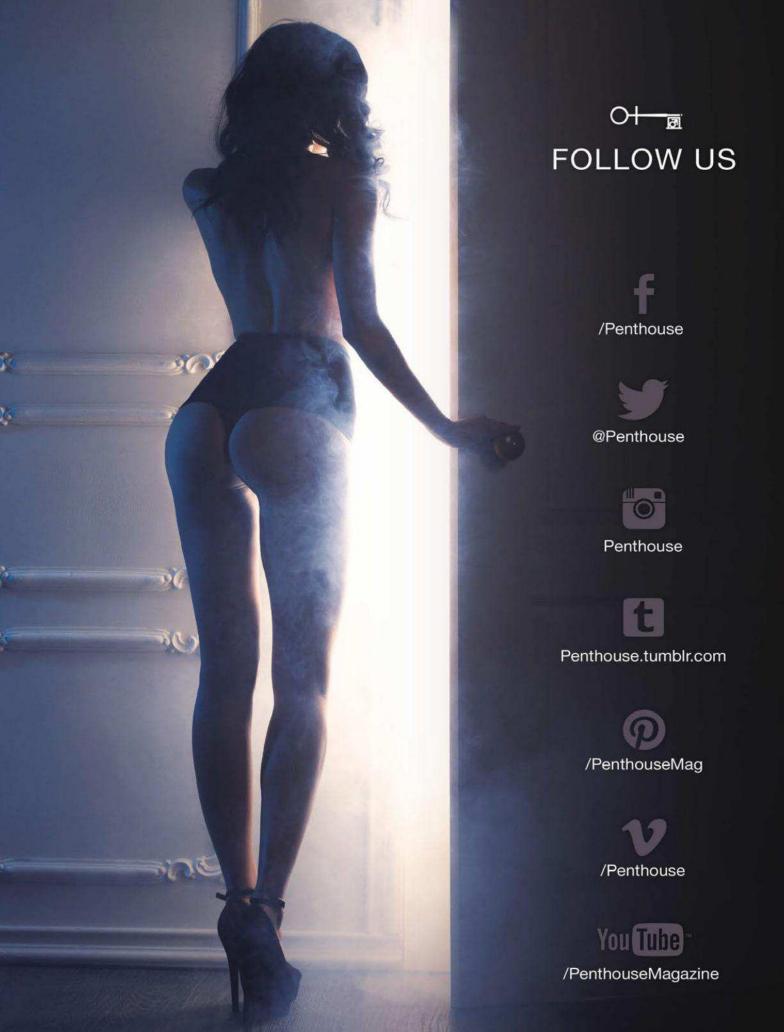




















Vital Stats:

32-24-34 5'2" 26 years old

Hometown: Houma, Louisiana

Tell us something about yourself.

I'm newly single and looking forward to re-entering the dating scene.

What's your idea of a perfect date?

Taco Bell and laser tag.

Hey, we can actually afford to take you out for an evening!

Well, we could get all dressed up and go somewhere real fancy, but that's not who I am. I'm a jeans and T-shirt kind of girl.

You're also and thong and no-shirt kind of girl, right?

Yeah. I'm a dancer at the Penthouse Club in New Orleans. I enjoy having people's eyes all over me...it's a really big turn-on.

You get turned-on at work? I thought it was supposed to be all business.

Sometimes. Once, I was giving this guy a lap dance and I just went to a different place in my mind. I was teasing him, but he was also teasing me. It was so hot, and I got so wet. I had to run upstairs and change my panties.

What's the secret to getting you going?

I'm a sucker for neck kisses, shoulder kisses, and ear kisses. It gets me all tingly. Kiss me lightly, breathe on my neck, softly lick my inner thighs. Explore my body, but tease me. Touch me everywhere except for my cha-chawt...

Your wha ...?

My cha-chawt. It's what I call my vagina. I'm getting horny just talking about it.

Please continue.

Then, grab my head and make out with me. Get a little rough. Pound the shit out of me like there's no tomorrow. I like it from behind. I like when a guy grabs my hips and slams his junk inside me...or when we're sitting in a chair and I'm grinding on top like a lap dance. That's a surefire way to make me come.

SEE MORE OF BLAKE AT PENTHOUSE.COM

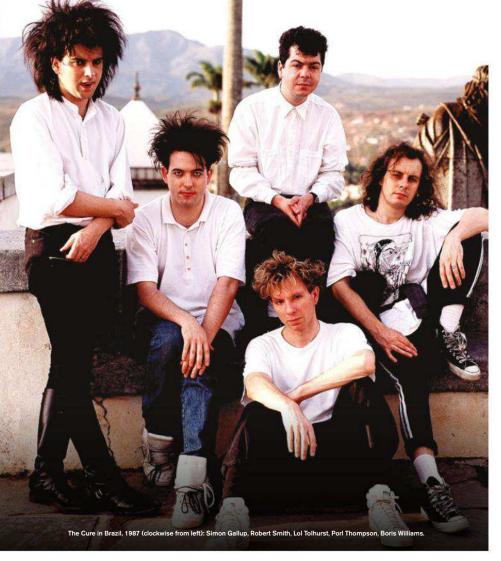




LAURENCE "LOL" TOLHURST, DRUMMER AND FOUNDING MEMBER OF SEMINAL GOTH-PUNK OUTFIT THE CURE, TALKS TO US ABOUT HIS HAZY DAYS OF ROCK 'N' ROLL STARDOM. INTERVIEW BY SEAN BRUCE

UT of the working-class town of Crawley, in West Sussex, England, The Cure pioneered a distinct style of dark and tormented goth-punk, captured the spirit of disaffected suburban youth, and rose to become one of the most influential bands of the 1980s. Now, decades later, drummer and founding member Laurence "Lol" Tolhurst reflects on his time in the band in a memoir titled, Cured: The Tale of Two Imaginary Boys.

With detached wit and deadpan charm, Tolhurst captures the band's early days, and navigates the story of his decent into alcoholism while the band ascended to global stardom. We caught up with him to talk about his upbringing in Margaret Thatcher's England, his time spent with singer Robert Smith, and whether his approach to creativity has changed over the years.



"THE CURE WAS OUR ESCAPE, IT WAS OUR WAY OUT OF THAT LIFE, AND WE WORKED VERY HARD AT ESCAPING."

For starters, where did your band name come from?

What we did to make the name is we chopped all the lyrics up and put them in a hat, because we heard that William Burroughs and Bowie did that. One song, I had written the words, "I need some easy curing," and "easy cure" came out. We called ourselves that for a while but changed it, later on, to include "the," because we thought it sounded a bit more punky.

What sort of music are you listening to these days?

I have a son who's 24; he tells me what's good and what's new. And I listen to a lot of old stuff as well-a lot of Can and Captain Beefheart, still all those kinds of things. I'm a big Bowie fan, especially around the time of his Berlin Trilogy. Low is my favorite album.

Where are you living now?

I've been living in California for the last 20 years, and this is the first time I've come [to England] and it's been warmer. I've actually been able to go swimming in the ocean, which never happens. I'd been to California a number of times when I was younger, and always liked the place and the people, so when everything finished with The Cure, I went there, because I wanted a complete change. It's a common thing in my family; we're spread out all around the world.

Much of your memoir focuses on your upbringing in working-class England during the Thatcher years. How did that influence your music?

I think it totally influenced it. If life is too good and too comfortable, if it's like every day on the beach and you haven't

really got a worry-you're fine. But to us, making The Cure was our escape, it was our way out of that life, and we worked very hard at escaping. There are still a bunch of people who feel the same way, with the current political climate in the U.S., with Trump and the election, and with European politics. It probably means that there is some other great music coming down the line soon.

There were some violent situations that you talk about in the book. Was it a rough time to live in England?

Yeah, because along with lack of employment and the three-day week for electricity-they cut the power off for four days a week for a while there because there was all that unrest and there was nobody to run the power stations-so along with all of that it makes people kind of aggressive. We would be meeting all these National Front [a political party for whites only] guys and far-right guys in town and they just decided that they didn't like the way that we looked because we looked a bit punky, and that was good enough excuse for them to have a pop at us. Yeah, it was pretty terrifying, but it was also something that made our resolve for what we wanted to do stronger.

Can't be punk unless you get in a couple of fights, right?

Exactly.

How is the creative process now compared with the early days of The Cure?

I don't know that it ever really changes. It's still looking for the same things. When I listen to a piece of music, I got to judge it myself, and I have to hear it and be detached from it to know how good it is. If you're thinking about the process of it the whole time, it's probably not finished. You got to wait until you feel that feeling that you want to give everybody else. It can take different lengths of time-sometimes it can be very quick, and you don't even know what happened, and it just works. But it can take a long while, too. Artists like Picasso would go into the galleries or the places where their art is exhibited and add bits to it as it was up on the wall. People would be like: What is that old guy doing adding bits to Picasso's painting? But it was Picasso doing it. It's the same with the book I just did. I finished it around Christmas last year,

PASSARELLA DEATH SQUAD X PENTHOUSE

T-shirt collection now available in-store and online at END. www.endclothing.co.uk





UNDERRATED / OVERRATED

Hairspray

Underrated-very good for most of your life.

iPhone 7:

Probably overrated.

Kanye West:

Definitely overrated.

Being President of the United States:

Underrated. I would think.
You've got people like Trump
who think they could be
president, which scares the hell
out of me.

The internet:

Overrated. I think there's just as much to be done face-toface rather than through social networking and all the rest of it.

Electronic music:

Underrated. I really am a big fan of electronic music in general, and when I say that I mean some of the old stuff, because there's a long history. It's like Brian Eno said, all music was electronic since the day the radio was invented.

but I've been working on it, finessing little bits all the way, till a couple of months ago.

Will there be other books?

This is the first book I've written, yeah, but hopefully it won't be the last. I'm inspired to write some more. I've got three themes at the moment: fiction, nonfiction, and there might even be a graphic novel....

You spoke a lot in your book about your battle with alcoholism. What made you decide to turn your life around?

Life got uncontrollable; everything was running away from me. That's quite a good incentive. I woke up one day and felt like I was going mad. So I just thought it's about time I flipped the coin and changed it. It was pretty much on the cusp of when I left The Cure, which was part of the reason. It's one of the things that made it feel so uncontrollable. That [choice to stop drinking] was 27 years ago and I'm happy with the decision.

What would you be doing if you weren't making music?

If I wasn't doing music, I think I would want to be a writer. I've always wanted

Mirror" off *The Top.* I like the singles that we did, too, things like "The Walk" and "The Lovecats." I feel like they have a timeless appeal. Even to me they sound fresh.

You played a reunion gig in 2011. How was that?

That was great but it was like riding a bike, once you know how to do it, you don't forget. When we got back onstage in Sydney it was a wonderful experience; everything just slotted right into place. We had a couple of weeks' rehearsal in England beforehand and then got on the plane and got onstage. It was one of my favorite concerts ever because I was looking at the audience and I saw people I knew from 20 or 25 years ago, and they're still there—a bit older, like me. But it really was a nice experience.

You had some legal issues with Robert Smith in the past. How's your relationship now?

We touch base often. He's pretty busy this year, so I haven't really seen him that much. Los Angeles in about May would've been the last time. You know, the funny thing is that the first subject we all talk about is family, because I've

"THEY JUST DECIDED THAT THEY DIDN'T LIKE THE WAY THAT WE LOOKED BECAUSE WE LOOKED A BIT PUNKY, AND THAT WAS GOOD ENOUGH EXCUSE FOR THEM TO HAVE A POP AT US."

to be a writer. It just took me a long time to get to that point. I started with the idea to write a book in 2013, and in 2014 I thought about it a lot more, and in 2015 I wrote it. I spent the whole year writing it. I rented myself a little office and went there five days a week, four to five hours a day, and chopped out 1,000 to 2,000 words if I could. Writing's hard, the only way to do it is to sit your bottom down on the seat and write. I once saw this sign in Los Angeles that said, "The secret to good writing is...," and it just said "good writing." Because that's it, you just have to write; there's nothing more to it.

What's your favorite song by The Cure?

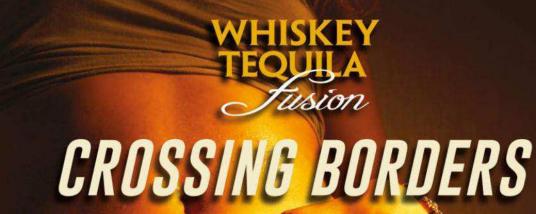
My favorite song, at the momentbecause it changes-is "Piggy in the known him and his family since I was about five years old, and he's known my family for the same time. That's why [when we meet] we spend our time talking about the people we know.

Would you describe the band as introverted or extroverted?

I go into that in the book; Rob is a bit of both. I think the word "ambivert" describes most of us. To do something artistic you have to be an extreme version of both and that gets nearest to the actual description of who we are as The Cure.

What are your plans for the future?

At the moment, I'm on the road for the next six months in England, then I go back to America, and hopefully, I can spread it out further around the world.





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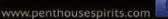
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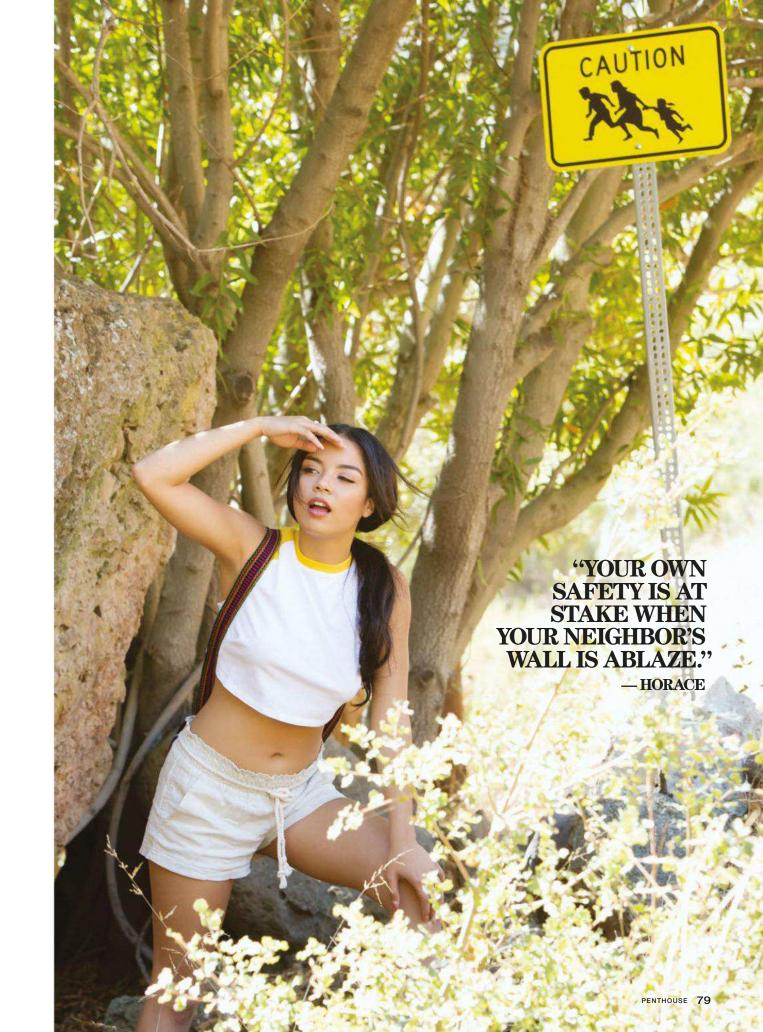


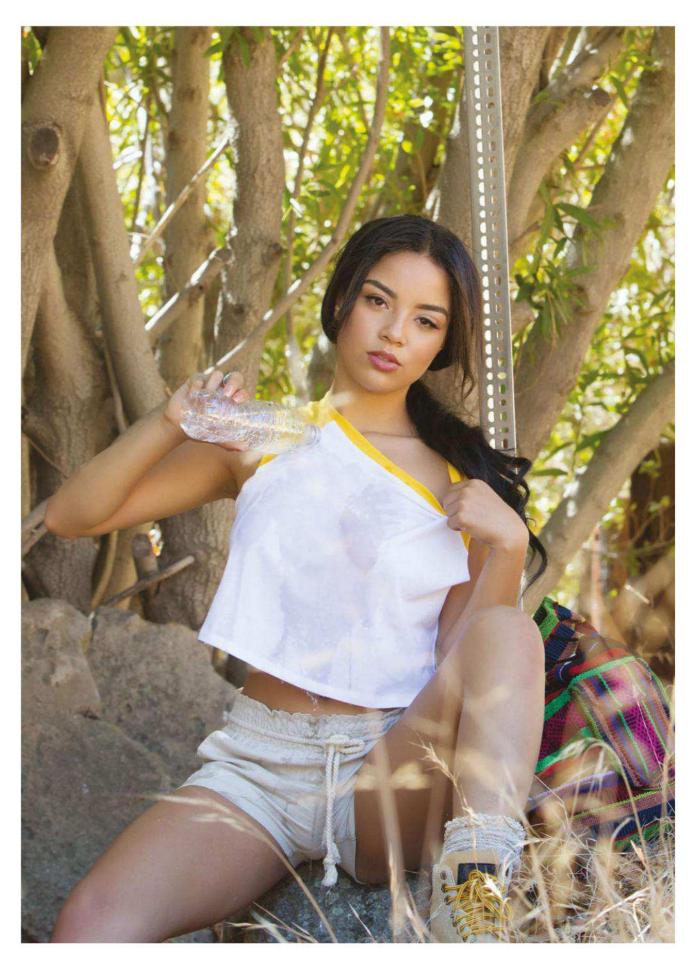


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BETTER SEX AND THE QUEST FOR PEACE

HOW OUR PERSONAL CHOICES EMPOWER OUR ENEMIES. BY JEFF KAMEN

WAS making out with Alice as a war movie raged on-screen. We were in the second row of the balcony of a Times Square theater. Alice was gorgeous. It was our first date and I wanted more of her. But the guy in front of us was starting to distract me. He kept banging around, twitching in his seat. It was messing with my concentration. I was just about to say something when Alice said, "Hey, don't worry about him, just look at me." She pulled me back to her lips and I forgot about the fool.

A few minutes later, Alice pushed my face off hers and, with a look of horror, screamed over the booming noise of the movie: "Jeff! Look! Act!" I turned to see that the guy had climbed out of his seat and onto the rim of the balcony. In the next second he was going to either fall or jump 40 feet to his death, and probably kill someone in the seats below. Without thinking, I lunged forward, grabbed the guy by his coat, hauled him down from the ledge and onto the floor. He sputtered, "Huh? What?" I dragged him out of the theater, through the double doors to the lobby, and pushed him into the arms of the off-duty cop who worked security there. I knew Officer Murphy. I told him what just happened. The big cop slapped some cuffs on the guy and said, "Thanks, he's mine, now." Murphy then turned to the disturbed and incoherent would-be jumper: "It's off to Bellevue psych for you!"

An hour later, in her fifth-floor walkup on the Lower East Side, Alice pulled a carved wooden pin from the tight bun of her pale blonde hair. It unfurled, reaching almost to the floor. I could barely breathe. She made love to me then. I felt like I was flying. After she came, she clung to me, smiled, and said, "My hero!" (She was talking about the incident at the theater, I think.)

I was 19. I didn't realize it until I sat down to write this article, but ever since that brush with potential calamity and the delicious night that followed, I've been looking for every opportunity to be a hero. That's how we humans are wired. Brain scientists call it the "reward system": You do something that gets you paid with a rush of pleasure, then you want to do whatever it takes to get you paid like that again and again and again. That ecstatic moment made me want to intervene in other people's emergencies. Not because I expected sex at the end of the day—though that was always great. But because I'd been rewarded for doing the right thing.

Twelve years later, while covering a black-tie event in the Grand Ballroom at the Waldorf Astoria for the TV station where I was an anchor, I saw a man dying in a room full of people. He grabbed helplessly at his throat while everyone around him looked in the opposite direction—toward the Secretary of State, who was speaking at the podium. The only reason I saw the choking man was because I was running a videotape of the first part of the speech to a motorcycle courier who could take it to the station for the 10 p.m. broadcast. The moment I saw what was happening, I put down the tape, ran up to the man, pulled him out of his chair, wrapped my arms around him, and heaved. The Heimlich maneuver forced air up his windpipe, and drove out the food that had been blocking his breathing. The partially chewed chunk of filet mignon plopped onto the white tablecloth.

Imagine his plight: He probably thought he was dead. Then a stranger whose face looked vaguely familiar materialized and saved him. The stunned gratitude on the man's face as I said good-bye was almost as rewarding as that outrageous sex with Alice.

I've had a long career as a journalist, chasing the world's pain and reporting back from the edge of one dramatic abyss or another. This has earned me a pretty good living, great friends, applause, and some wonderful sex along the way. All this feeds into the brain's reward system. It feels good. The brain then wants more, and the body and mind do what's needed to get paid with more.

My brain became addicted to the rewards of what philosophers call "right action." This brings an endless flow of reassurance about your worth as a human being. But not everyone has it as easy as I did. There are folks who come from families and cultural roots and life experiences that reward fear, hatred, anger, and violence. Neuroscientists say it's the same reward system buried deep in the brain, but it has none of its values. It's all about chemistry. People simply do what makes them feel good.

I'm from New York City. I was brought up to respect everyone no matter their race or religion. When I saw news pictures of lynchings or Southern whites beating the crap out of black college kids who wanted to eat at lunch counters, I just didn't get it. It wasn't my life. Next thing I knew, I was chasing after Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. in Mississippi, covering the civil rights movement. Pursuing that

story, I learned about a culture that was completely alien from mine, even though I looked a lot like the white people in question. They were part of what was called the Invisible Empire, aka the Ku Klux Klan. The Civil War had been over for a hundred years, but the Klan was still secretly running things in some small towns, like a Dixie version of the mafia. Many elected officials and police officers were in the Klan. Its fingers were in everything.

While in Mississippi, I learned that some Klan-sympathizing women were known to send their men out to beat up and kill African-American men with

the promise of sex if they came home with black skin under their fingernails. Same reward system.

The physical brains of Klansmen and -women were not the problem, it was their behavior, which was based on their culture. In their culture, the "hero" was the person defending segregation, defending the brutalization and control of black people through violence, intimidation, and fear. It was a parade of evil actions, but it was their culture.

Federal law enforcement, financially crippling civil litigation, and rapid changes in society destroyed most of the Klan culture in less than 20 years. Then in 2008, in the Deep South and in northern cities, descendants of slaves flocked to the polls and, with their white allies, put Barack Obama into the White House, and kept him there for eight years. Meanwhile, most of the children and grandchildren of the KKK have found other things in life that gratify them. Many of them are kind and decent human beings.

Today, all of us—no matter our color or our religion—are being victimized by something new, and it has a huge component of self-infliction as well as participation by the brain's reward system. The good news is that we don't have to keep doing it. I'm talking about

the way we take in news. Specifically about the routine viewing of 24-hour news channels and the replaying of stories about terrorism or other shocking acts of violence. A single screening of a terrorist act and its bloody aftermath is upsetting all by itself. Seeing it over and over again is guaranteed to heighten your level of stress, damage your emotional well-being and, for some, your physical health.

On the internet, repeat clicks on images and horrific videos ramps up the stress even more. Unless you're actively taking control by limiting your exposure, by the end of the day of a terror-related incident, your mind has been marinated in sights and sounds that produce fear, rage, frustration, insomnia, and even sexual impotence. And when the word "Islamic" is plugged into the stories, consuming those broadcasts over and over makes Islam itself—not just its lunatic fringe—seem part of the incremental assault on your sense of safety in the world.

After a number of repeat clicks or views on a webpage, those inputs cease to be informational and become what I call EPIDE: electronic packages of increasingly damaging emotion. The technology that makes possible the endless consumption of what is no longer knowledge but fear, now exists not only on cable TV, but in millions of smartphones, laptops, and workstations. None of those machines force us to watch (or to watch again) or to click (and click and click). We do it to ourselves. Some people become so

ensnared by the terror on their screens that they walk around feeling as though it's happening close by, or most surely soon will. This phenomenon has altered the political landscape in the U.S. and overseas. It has made all of us easier prey for demagogues who would manipulate our fears and our anger, and the unconscious feeling of helplessness that is fed by our fears and our anger.

Take a moment and observe next time there's a news story on ISIS or some stinking coward who kills innocent people in the name of his or her warped sense of God. You'll see that most of

us sit in front of the TV and computer and click on everything that wounds us by repetition. We do that as though we have no choice, because repeat clicking on such fear also lights up the reward system. Otherwise, people would never go to horror films. Only these horrors are all too real, and each click is a small wound on our psyches, with cumulative impact.

Awareness of the drop-by-drop impact on our brains of sucking in all of those horrific pictures over and over again is important knowledge for you to have and to act on. Let me show you how things have changed in this arena.

Except in the case of the Oklahoma City bombing 21 years ago, and then the attacks on 9/11, most past terrorist incidents were reported no more than two or three times a day on TV, and until the mid 1980s, you had to be in front of the TV when the live broadcasts were on or you couldn't see the stories. CNN was launched in 1980, but there wasn't universal access to it, or to any other 24-hour news channels, for years. Now it's everywhere, and so are computers of every size and description.

As you read these words, your intuition as well as your analytical skills are telling you that what I'm reporting is true. So why subject ourselves to this digital echo chamber of pain, fear, and suffering? Because we like it. A lot. Repeat exposure triggers a reward-system response. And it feels good. Click!



SHOOT/NO SHOOT

I spent many years riding along with cops from Chicago to New York, from Brownsville, Texas, to St. Petersburg, Russia. Pretty much all of those officers meant well, but very few of them had been adequately trained in the use of their service weapon. I didn't know this for years. Then I realized that, except for police snipers, most cops were unable to reliably hit a target more than a few feet away. But it wasn't their fault.

When I was a media production consultant for the White House Office of National Drug Control Policy, I was sent to Oklahoma to make a documentary about the way state cops were successfully using federally-provided advanced technology to fight drug crime. Prior to filming one day, I was given an opportunity to undergo firearms tactical simulation training. The system used a computer, a Glock pistol connected to a laser, and a large TV screen. The trainer said, "Stand ready with your weapon and look into the screen. This is a shoot/no-shoot simulation. Here we go."

In the next moment, I was plunged into darkness as the lights in the huge room were switched off. Then the TV came to life and I was suddenly in a very real-feeling scenario: I was with my partner. We were inside a crowded mall. Fleeing bad guys were firing shots in our direction. I hesitated to open fire and shouted, "No shoot!" The trainer stopped the simulation and asked me why. I said that as I'd sighted down the barrel of the Glock, my finger curled around the trigger, I spotted innocent civilians behind the bad guys. To me, it was a no-shoot decision. The trainer said, "Good. Right call. Too many of my cops going through here don't hesitate to open fire. And few of them are great shots. But understand, it's a judgment call, and maybe those bad guys escape and kill another ten people because you were afraid you might hit a couple of innocents. None of this shit is easy."

The year before, Penthouse had sent me on assignment to a Delta-SEAL training camp in central California, where I fired almost four thousand .45 caliber pistol rounds during 64 hours of intense muscle-memory training under very tight control. The instructors at this \$3,500 camp were recently retired members of U.S. Special Forces. The trainingderived from millions of dollars of taxpayersupported research and development—was so effective it turned me, then a relative amateur, into a credible combat pistol shooter capable of walking through a darkened kill house with lights flashing, live rounds being fired at my feet, while still double-tapping the right targets (this means my bullets went into the heads of life-size bad-guy targets and not into



the heads of the photos of mommies holding babies).

On the second day of that assignment, the chief pistol instructor took me through an outdoor walk-and-shoot exercise in which the object was to engage the target with two shots and keep moving.

He said, "Watch closely. This is how it's done." I was behind him and to his right when he squeezed off the first two rounds. That was when we discovered that someone had placed the targets on metal backings which had not been visible through the straw behind the paper targets.

"Shit!" shouted the commando, who was not expecting the target to shoot back. It could have been a hell of a lot worse. The splashback shrapnel cut a small wound over his right eye and stayed there, stuck in his skin. Retired **Delta Force Command SGT Major Tommy** Carter* went to the hospital for some stitches while that particular part of the course was made safe. When Tommy returned from the hospital later that day, he took me aside and said, "Well, better me and thank you, huh? I mean, how would it have looked if I'd gone and gotten your sorry Penthouse ass shot?" The serious lesson from the incident was: Guns are powerful instruments and absolutely everyone who has anything to do with them has to be wide-awake and thinking about the consequences of their actions.

At the end of the four days of Delta-SEAL training camp, one of the course supervisors, a senior weapons instructor for the a highly respected state police department, said, "Look, Jeff, I want to make sure you understand that the training you and the other students received here is far and away better than what your average American police officer will ever see. Think about that."

*On April 25, 2004, Tommy was killed in Iraq while working for a security contractor. He was a true patriot and a friend. He is mourned by his family, his friends, and by the hundreds he led into battle and through training. In a very real sense, every American will forever be under Tommy's protection.





PHOTO: TOP LEFT:JEAN-PHILIPPE KSIAZEK / AFP / GETTY IMAGES;

Most of us-me included-behave as though we are helpless victims of our desires instead of masters of them. But this is simply not true, and is an example of cowardly surrender. We are adults. We choose by action or inaction. Choose good works and life tends to reward you with experiences that are good for you and those with whom you share this life.

If a person finds pleasure in bringing pain and fear to others (like terrorists, some politicians, criminals, a small percentage of cops), that's their reward system at play. But they are still responsible for their behavior. If they play with the dark side of power, the karma is all theirs. However, the rest of us are are responsible for how we react to anything that happens at a speed slower than the time it takes to pull out a knife or a pistol. In those seconds, all we have is instinct and training. If we're lucky, we've had the appropriate instruction and have paid attention.

Think of the wonderful off-duty cop shopping in a Minnesota mall this past September. A man in a security-guard uniform is on the loose, stabbing everyone in sight while screaming, "Allahu Akbar!" (God is great!) The off-duty cop-who turns out to be the local police department's firearms instructor-puts two bullets in the idiot, quickly ending the discussion. (Thank you, officer. He

should be rewarded with community adulation and a huge check from the shopping mall.)

Fortunately, we are a society that's rich in heroes trained to respond to such emergencies. We need to honor them and discourage frightened amateurs from getting involved, and from walking around with rapid-fire weapons.

Earlier this year, the Washington Post profiled a disabled man who was so afraid of terrorism he carried his AR-15 rifle to Walmart and had it at his side as he drove around in a motorized shopping cart. This fellow

had spent long hours peering into his computer, soaking his brain in survivalist propaganda about impending attacks by legions of Islamic terrorists who are in the U.S. and plotting against the rest of us. He does this because his broken body and upset mind find pleasure in his actions.

Click! Click! Click!

Amplifying fear is as great a device for the arms industry as it is for terrorist groups, as it is for conspiracy theorists, as it is for unscrupulous politicians. It produces the desired results. But only if the rest of us buy into the drama with our irresponsible consumption of media.

And we don't have to.

For many of us, what is required for our sanity is a self-generated reboot of the mind, which lets us trade fear and stress for peace. The process is empowering and will lead to more mastery of your own life. It can also mean better sex, which will make your brain's reward system even happier.

Begin your reboot by unplugging everything that beeps or speaks for one full day. No computers, smartphones, radios, or TVs for 24 hours. (Be sure to let family, colleagues, and friends know ahead of time.) If you must have access to a phone, make it a dumb one that offers voice communication only. During the rest of the week, try to never watch a news story about terrorism or any other horrorific event more than once. If you first learn of the story

online, limit yourself to just one click, and try not to discuss the story with friends. The idea is to not keep reliving the experience. As you mindfully take control by sharply reducing the number of fear-inducing impressions on the brain, you can simultaneously add some peace-inducing equipment: your nose and your mouth.

Begin with the daily practice of sitting in silence for one whole minute. If you're comfortable sitting cross-legged on the rug, that'll help. Or use a simple chair. Sit still. Breathe normally through your nose. Concentrate on the breath. After sixty seconds is over, add one more minute of alternative nostril breathing. This practice brings a sense of calm and lowers the blood pressure. Using the thumb and forefinger of your right hand, close one nostril as you exhale through the other. Now breathe in through the same nostril. Switch nostrils and do the same thing again. Do this ten times.

If you've never meditated before, congratulations-you just have. If you enjoyed the effects, add a minute a week to your practice. By the end of the first week-seven minutes total-you'll feel a subtle shift in who you are: more relaxed and slower to be upset, by anything. Meditation is such powerful stuff it's becoming the norm with hip, creative corporations, professional sports teams, and law enforcement agencies which need to get the best out of

their people.

FOR MANY OF US,

WHAT IS REQUIRED

FOR OUR SANITY IS A

SELF-GENERATED

REBOOT OF THE MIND.

meditation will also bring a spectrum of benefits to your overall health. You can take a free yoga course online, or check out a nearby yoga studio or gym. Commit to trying two classes either at home or in a studio. When you're done with each session, you should feel as though you're more in control of yourself.

Now watch what happens when you let your body and mind enjoy all this at the same time that you sharply reduce your terror/horror inputs. If you choose to do the reboot program with

your partner, add in a slow massage-in silence, for five minutes at the end of each day. If you don't know how to do massage, you can trust your instincts so long as your moves are slow and gentle. But you don't have to make it up. There are plenty of free, easy websites that will show you how.

If you follow this very modest reboot program, you will experience reduced fear, anger, depression, and insomnia (another common by-product of our media-amplified stress). Not only are you certain to be healthier inside and out, I predict you'll have better and more sex, and in a more connected way.

Lastly, as a journalist who studies the impact of language, I've come up with one more simple way to disempower the bad guys: Stop using the word "terrorists." It's highly charged emotionally, and it perversely gives them special status and a bit of magical power, when in fact they are the cowards of the earth. They murder innocent people, sell girls into slavery, and intoxicate themselves with blood. Here are the words I want you to try as substitutes for the word "terrorists": Cowards. Idiots. Garbage. Trash. Watch your mind's reaction when you use any one of those words. See how much smaller, less dramatic, and more manageable those guys now sound. Remember, our heroes in the military and law enforcement will find them and kill them. Your responsibility is to not get played emotionally by these cowards, idiots, garbage, and trash. O+n

FORUM REJECTS



















ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

FORUM REJECTS

THE BEST OF THE WORST FROM PENTHOUSE LETTERS

EAR Penthouse,
I'm not one of those guys who considers himself to be a sexual dynamo. The mere fact that I use the term "sexual dynamo" should be a dead giveaway. But just because I'm not smooth with the ladies doesn't mean I don't think about sex, like, all the time. In fact, I think that guys like me have it pretty bad: We're always thinking about sex, but are unable to go out and have sex. It's an itch that rarely gets scratched.

So, like most of us (I think), I get by on a steady diet of free internet porn. Free internet porn is weird. When I was a newbie, I would just click on one of the "recommended videos." Then I got a little experimental with the categories. (Did you know that "mousy introspective nerd girl, glasses, banana tits, blowjob" is a searchable phrase?) Soon, I made it to the big leagues and came to the realization that porn is best left to the professionals. My go-to was a blonde porn star from New York with giant fake tits, a water-tight ass, and zero gag reflex. She was amazing.

After a little internet sleuthing, I learned that she moonlighted as a call girl in Manhattan...a short train ride away from the New Jersey town where I lived. This was an amazing discovery! I could actually be with her, like, in real life. For months I saved up, until I was finally able to scratch together the twelve hundred bucks it cost to book her for an hour. A few emails later, we had a date.

to be with my internet-porn crush. His grip was so tight around my throat that my pleas sounded like quacks. I quacked about my childhood, I quacked about my keyword preferences. I quacked about my insecurities with the opposite sex. Anything that would get this muscle monkey to lower his weapon and loosen his grip.

After about ten minutes of quacking, a brief search of my internet history, and a read of the email thread with her booking agent, Internet Dream Girl's monkey released his grip, lowered his gun, straightened my shirt, dusted me off, and said, "Sorry, boss. Crazy times. Enjoy yourself. Be back in an hour," and left the room.

ARE YOU FUCKING KIDDING ME?

I was a wreck. I was shaking. I was mortified. I was not thinking about sex...yet I was alone with the internet girl of my dreams... having paid over a thousand dollars to be with her...and somehow expected to perform.

She took off all her clothes. She was beautiful, but I was flaccid. She smiled at me, dropped to her knees, and took my Jet-Puffed marshmallow into her mouth. It was wonderful, but my traumatized dick didn't cooperate. It stayed soft in her warm, professional mouth. She sucked me while I was standing, she sucked me while I was sitting, and she sucked me while I was lying on the bed. She sucked me with her years of experience,

SHE SMILED AT ME, DROPPED TO HER KNEES, AND TOOK MY JET-PUFFED MARSHMALLOW INTO HER MOUTH.

I admit it—I did everything wrong. For some reason, I thought I needed to impress her, so instead of booking a room at some shitty, cheap hotel, I spent more than I should have on a room at the W in Times Square. I showered, I groomed, I shaved, I put on a suit, and I rubbed out a few quick ones...to last longer. After what seemed like hours, there was a knock at my door. I looked through the peephole, and there she was. Radiant. Glowing. Amazing. I drew in a deep breath, exhaled sharply, and slowly opened the door.

"Well hello there, beau-" I crooned. Before I could finish my sentence, some white, bald, muscled, goatee-wearing monkey kicked the door open, wrapped one of his hands around my throat, and pressed a gun against my temple. "What's your name, faggot?" he screamed.

"Mar-Martin," I replied.

"And what are we doing here, Martin?" he screamed. Huh?

Turns out that my internet dream girl had been going through a nasty divorce and, for whatever reason, my booking triggered a whole lot of suspicion. I explained to the monkey that I was a fan. That I watch a ton of internet porn, and had seized an opportunity

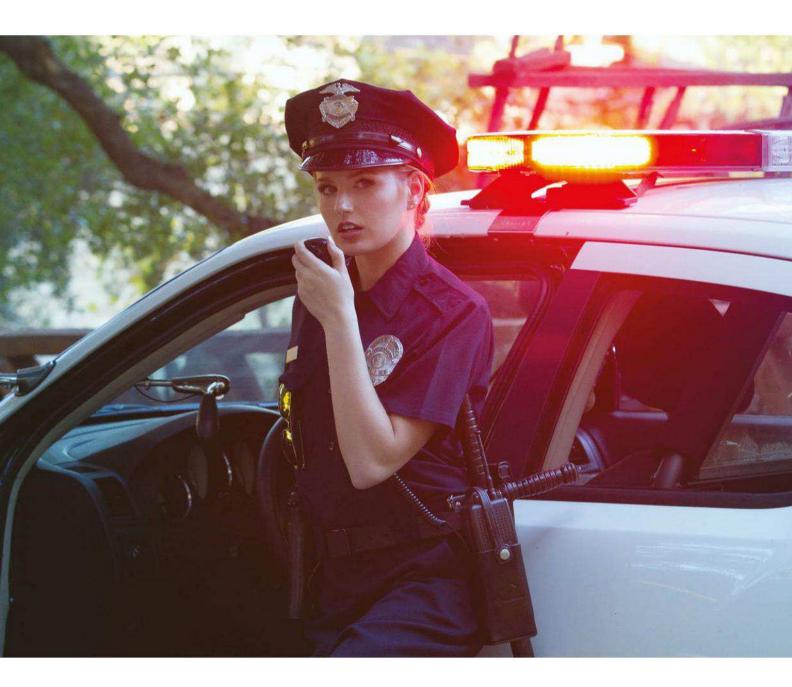
but Jet-Puffed wasn't having any of it. Forlorn, I pulled away...it wasn't going to happen.

But in my absurd desperation, I pushed her onto the bed and started to eat her pussy. I was so distressed from my run-in with Muscle Monkey, that I actually thought it was a good idea to go down on Internet Dream Girl...the prostitute...and eat her pussy. Her blonde pussy. Her blonde pussy that she shaved bald.

I made my way down to her honey hole and did the best I could. I spelled the alphabet with my tongue, I purred on her clit, and I stuck my language muscle as far inside of her as I could...only to fish out a dark curly hair...from her bald, blonde pussy...with the tip of my tongue. My God.

That was my breaking point. I ordered her to get dressed, tossed her out of my room, brushed my teeth (for like an hour), took a shower, and went to sleep by myself in the W's impressive feather bed. Twelve hundred dollars could have gotten me a kickass TV. Twelve hundred dollars could have gotten me a down payment on a new car. But instead, twelve hundred dollars got me choked, a gun to my head, and a random John's pubes in my teeth.

-Martin K, Caldwell, NJ



BLACK WIVES MATTER

Anya Ivy returns home from a long day at work and comes to realize that she left her keys at the office (happens to the best of us). Does she get back in her car, battle traffic, and fetch her keys? Of course not! It's Anya's house—she knows where the spare key is. Shockingly, one of her neighbors calls the cops...after all, Anya is a woman of color, so she must be up to no good. Thankfully, Scarlett Sage answers the call. Scarlett is one of the good ones.

Photography: Tammy Sands

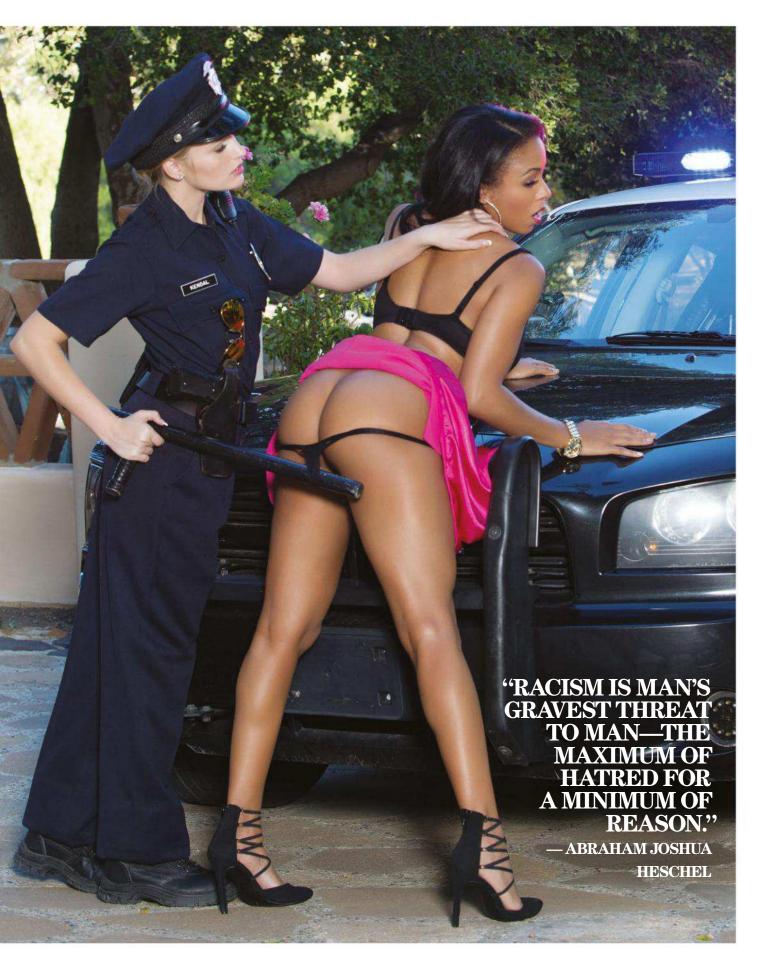




















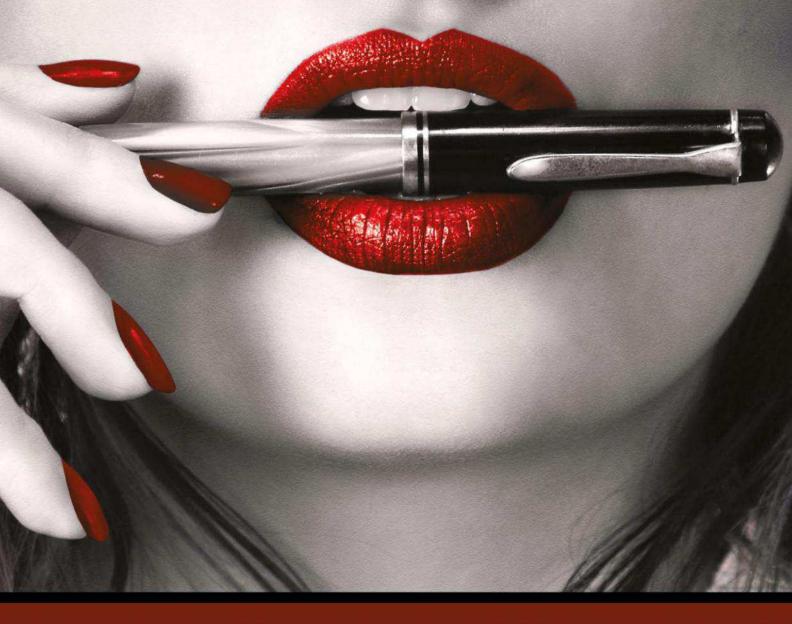












SHARE THE LOVE

Did you just have the wildest night of your life? Did your greatest fantasy come true? Or did you spy the sensual goings-on of other uninhibited adventurers.

Share the love and spill all your secrets. Tell your story to Penthouse, and you may see your letter in these very pages.

E-mail your torrid tales to Letters@Penthouse.com



HOT LINES

BY LEAH MCSWEENEY

EAH McSweeney is one bad bitch (her words, not ours). In New York City in 2002, Leah witnessed a bunch of cops beating the shit out of her friend outside a Midtown club. When her repeated pleas to stop were ignored, Leah threw a bottle at them. That's when one of the responding officers punched her in the jaw, smashed her face into a subway grate, and knocked out two of her teeth. But what might have been yet another miserable encounter with the NYPD was the spark she needed to claim the life that was rightfully hers. Two years later, Leah was awarded a \$75,000 settlement from the NYPD, which she immediately used to launch her clothing line, Married to the Mob-a pioneering streetwear brand built to promote Leah's values of women's strength, empowerment, and unflinching nonconformity.

anal. Sadly I'm not. My ex claims we had anal sex once, but I'd taken a bunch of my nighttime meds and I have no recollection. I actually really don't believe him since he's pretty much a sociopath narcissist. But he insists I loved it and that he came in my ass. Again, I have no memory of this. To be honest, I'm scared I'm gonna shit on someone while we're doing it.

It's not for lack of trying...I've had the tip go in, but it just feels bad. I start to squirm and I'm like, never mind! When I was 16, my long-term boyfriend was fucking me, totally missed, and rammed straight into my asshole. Side note: His dick was huge and he was thrusting hard. I screamed and laid there...for 20 minutes... in tears...thinking I would never recover. So, that about sums up my thoughts on anal. I do think it's very sweet that you saved your butthole for your husband. That gives me hope. Not just for anal, but for also maybe one day finding a husband. But more likely just anal.

MY EX CLAIMS WE HAD ANAL SEX ONCE, BUT I'D TAKEN A BUNCH OF MY NIGHTIME MEDS AND HAVE NO RECOLLECTION.

Twelve years, five continents, and millions of dollars later, Leah is still kicking ass. Whether she's challenging the cultural illuminati by taking the piss out of revered brands like Supreme (Supreme Bitch, please!), beating the shit out of Andy Dick for being...well, A. Dick, or exposing her more vulnerable side on social media, Leah continues to stay true to who she is.

Leah is a mother and a fighter. She is a flawed, self-aware, emotional conqueress who understands that the best way to outpace life's curveballs is to overwhelm them with drive, guts, and confidence. Most of all, she is completely unqualified to be giving us any type of advice. So, here goes nothing...

PAIN IN THE ASS

Leah, please talk about anal. What's your take on it? I've always thought of it as something to save for my future husband. Well, I found him, and gave it to him, and I decided it was literally the best sexual gift you can give to your husband. What do you think?

Anal. The word alone creeps me out. I'm definitely not into putting things in my butt. I know. I sound prude and lame. I so want to be the girl who loves anal. I should be the girl who loves

FRUIT LOOPS

I see this young lady I don't really know too much about. But when I turn to the side, I can see her (from the corner of my eye) putting her hands over her face like a little girl. Maybe she's shy? It's like she's sensitive. I'm not sure if she's had her heart broken before.

Well, we've all had our hearts broken before, but I don't go covering my face with my hands when a man is standing next to me. Are you sure she's playing with a full deck? Come to think of it, are you playing with a full deck? This "question" doesn't make any sense to me. Maybe she has a big mole she's trying to hide? I have no fuckin' idea, dude. Just keep it moving!

THREE'S COMPANY

I've been dating my girlfriend for three years, and she is probably the girl I'm going to marry. The sex is great, but I want a oncein-a-lifetime experience with her before things get too serious. What is the best way for me to talk her into bringing another girl into bed so that I can get me a threesome?

This is a slippery slope. Usually you wait for your chick to initiate this type of thing. Bringing this up to her will probably end with the wedding not happening. She's going to feel like she isn't

enough. You must wait for her to initiate it. But, there are ways to gently nudge the subject into existence. Is she into girls at all? Has she had any lesbo experiences? Hopefully. And if so, coax her to talk to you about them. Tell her it turns you on—thinking of her with another woman—but do it without inserting yourself in the situation.

Do you two watch porn together? If not, you should because it's hot. Watch some girl-on-girl or threesome videos to get a convo going. Then, slowly and sweetly tell her how much it would turn you on to see her with another woman. Wait to for her warm up to the idea. I've only been the guest star in threesomes—which haven't been many. But the woman initiated and brought me in every time. Those are the rules. I wouldn't break them if I were you.

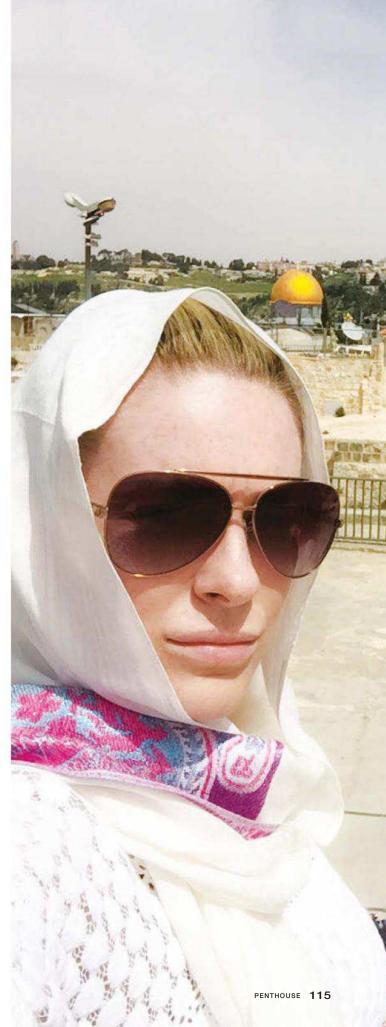
REHAB REBOUND

I met this guy in rehab, and I've been seeing him for two months. We've had hot make-out sessions in rehab, but we've both recently completed the program (he actually got kicked out for smoking cigarettes). Since then, we've hung out a couple times, but he hasn't tried to fuck me. He's an ex heroin addict and on Suboxone [which is used to treat addicts], so I'm wondering if maybe he has some erectile issues. Now he's saying he's in a hospital with the flu. Help!

Girl...you are buggin'! Rehab romances never last, and they are never good for your recovery. This dude is not in the hospital because of the flu. He's probably laid out somewhere, nodding off, making excuses. I'm an addict in recovery, so take it from me-I've been down this road. When I was six years sober, I dated an alcoholic. Great idea, right? Turned out to be one of the most traumatic experiences of my life.

Addicts want to get high. They do not want to take care of your pussy properly. Trust. They are fucking monsters. Stay the fuck away from this guy. He will probably end up destroying your life and ruining your sobriety. And yes, the Suboxone is probably making his dick like mashed potatoes. I know you're probably super horny because you are off drugs and alcohol and looking for a distraction...but find yourself a guy who's not also newly sober and can get a hard-on. Actually, go get a vibrator. Get a really good one and go nuts. Do whatever you need to do to get yourself out of this sexless situation with a guy who will turn your life into a goddamn nightmare.

NEED ADVICE? Email leah@penthouse.com







ON PURPOSE

BY MATT GALLAGHER

COUPLE weeks back I grabbed lunch with an ex-soldier and friend I served with in Iraq. Lunch turned into beers, beers turned into more beers—you know the deal. We talked old war stories, now dusted over with eight years of nostalgia. We talked who is still in, who has gotten out, who has gotten out because they wanted to, and who has gotten out for, um, other reasons. Two vets, shooting the breeze like they were still young guns, a story and image old as time.

We talked about the guys doing well. We talked about the guys doing not so well. We talked about the guys no longer here.

We talked about this, we talked about that. After we talked about what we didn't miss about the Army, we of course talked about what we did miss about it.

"The purpose of being, man," my friend said. "Nothing like that back here."

That's a common refrain for vets of this generation, and one I used to adhere to myself. But it's not true. Put in the effort, put in the time and research, that "purpose" can be found "back here." Sure, it's different than military service. Less direct and overt, but still just as powerful. We gotta meet people and ideas halfway, though. That's what I told my friend, at least.

Here are some worthy organizations and causes that provide purpose of being, for vets and civilians alike. Just four of many,



PUT IN THE EFFORT, PUT IN THE TIME AND RESEARCH, AND "PURPOSE" CAN BE FOUND BACK HERE.

many others out there, on the national, state, and local levels. Check them out online. Reach out and connect with them. If they intrigue you, and if you think they could help make a difference, be ready to be flexible, be ready to meet these people and ideas halfway.

Team Rubicon: I've mentioned Team Rubicon in Embrace the Suck pages before, and I'm doing it again here. An NGO that specializes in emergency response and relief, Team Rubicon thrives on the idea that no one can handle chaos and confusion like military veterans. They got their start in 2010 after the devastating earthquake in Haiti, and the organization has continued to grow and spread ever since. Team Rubicon conducts both stateside and global operations, and is broken down into regional sections to cut down on bureaucratic drag. Even Prince Harry, that dashing ginger of a British royal (and an Afghanistan vet) got in on the action this year, helping rebuild a school in Nepal. If you have medical skills, a carpentry or construction background, or just don't mind getting your hands dirty with like-minded souls, definitely check them out.

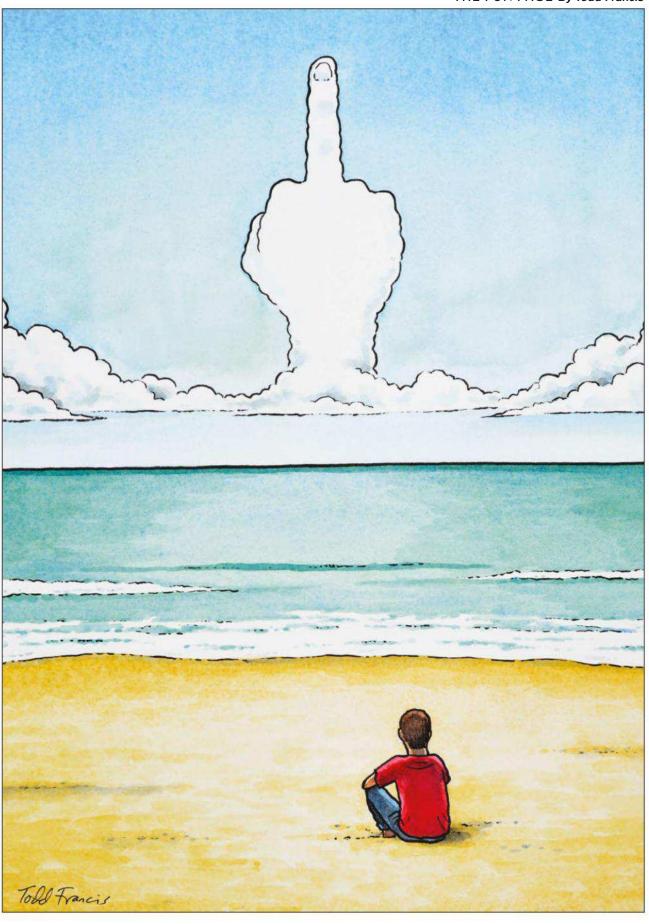
The Mission Continues: Founded by former Navy SEAL Eric Greitens, this nonprofit seeks to better connect vets with their communities. Back in 2007, when Greitens and others visited the National Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland, they were struck by the resoluteness of the wounded service members whom they met with and talked to. When pressed on what they wanted to do after the military, many of the recovering said they wanted to work in the public sector, to continue to give back. The idea for a community-service fellowship was born, and some nine years later, more than 1,000 Mission Continues fellowships have been awarded to post-9/11 veterans, in areas from education for low-income youth to Habitat for Humanity projects. These vets are "redeployed" into their communities, and the many success stories speak for themselves. There's only one way to find out if

you have what it takes to be a Mission Continues fellow: Apply.

The Headstrong Project: "We're Veterans Serving Veterans" goes the Headstrong Project's mantra. They are, and they do. Seeing the bureaucratic pitfalls and the overwhelmed services of the VA, the good folks at the Headstrong Project decided to cut through the red tape and bring help and services straight to vets. Now partnered with Weill Cornell Medicine at Cornell University, the Headstrong Project specializes in mental health care, i.e., helping vets dealing with post-traumatic stress, anger management, and addiction. A lean and mobile organization, the Headstrong Project also connects vets looking to help their brothers and sisters in need. A July 2016 VA study found that roughly 20 American military veterans commit suicide every day. Check out the Headstrong Project if you need help or want to provide it. Getting that damn statistic down should be—must be—a national prerogative.

Tragedy Assistance Program for Survivors (TAPS): This organization serves the family members and close friends of fallen military service members, a key demographic that too often can be lost or forgotten in the aftermath of tragedy. Providing a litany of hands-on grief seminars, workshops, and survivor camps, TAPS aims to provide ongoing care and support. As anyone who's ever lost a loved one knows, overcoming grief isn't a linear, smooth progression. It's jagged and rough, and can be very complex. That's especially the case for military families in our era of the Forever War and less than one percent of Americans serving in uniform. But they're not alone, as the communities developed and cultivated through TAPS will attest. Are you in the grips of loss? Or perhaps you are a professional caregiver, or looking to help a friend who's recently lost a service member. TAPS is bona fide.

That purpose of being we all miss from overseas? It's out there, back here. But you have to be willing to find it. And to meet them halfway. Other



SAVE A HORSE

BY VIN ARMANI

KNOCKED three times, in quick succession, on the hotel room door. Almost immediately, from inside the suite, I heard the unmistakable sound of stiletto heels on marble, echoing louder as my date for the evening approached. As usual, I hadn't requested much information from my booking agent about the woman—now unlocking the door—with whom I was scheduled to spend the next two hours. Her name (Nadine) and her apparent choice in footwear (sexy) lifted my hopes just before the handle turned.

The door slowly swung open to reveal a petite woman with short dark hair and blue eyes, fine features accented by light makeup, and porcelain skin reflecting the light from the hallway. She smiled warmly, revealing a gleaming set of perfect teeth, before averting her gaze from mine.

Was I sensing shyness or something else?

"Good evening. It's a pleasure to meet you," I said, moving in close and planting a kiss softly on her cheek.

She quickly closed the door behind us and began down the marble tiles toward her suite's living room. "Come in, please," she instructed in a sultry Southern drawl. "Have a seat."

"Yes, ma'am," I replied playfully. I knew the floor plan of this room like the back of my hand. This was a high-end suite. Two

a tight bubble barely hidden by the high hemline of the dress. The definition of her legs and calves made it clear that she rarely skipped a day in the gym. The heels, which had announced her moments before, must have cost thousands of dollars. As she turned to pour the second glass of champagne, I noticed her large breasts (at least D-cups) pressing firmly against the fabric of her dress. No bra. Hard nipples.

She returned to the couch, handed me a glass. "I'm not very good at small talk and, to be honest, I'm kind of nervous," she whispered, averting her gaze from mine-again.

"You don't have to be nervous. I'm easy," I said grinning.

She took in a long breath. "The reason I hired you is...well, I don't think that I can get what I want, dating-wise, from anyone. Maybe I could, but I guess I don't want to waste my time looking for something so hard to find. I'm 45, and my husband divorced me two years ago."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Thank you. It was very unexpected and I'm just now starting to go out into the world again. He was 20 years older than me, very powerful and successful, so he took care of me...at least financially. He left me as secure as I could ever hope to be."

"I can tell you loved him very much," I said gently.

"I'M ALREADY COMING!" SHE BARELY GOT THE WORDS OUT BEFORE HER ENTIRE BODY BEGAN TO SPASM.

bedrooms, three bathrooms. The only more-luxurious rooms in the hotel were reserved for the high-end gamblers whom the casino bosses flew in to drain millions from at the tables. As I entered the living room, the floor-to-ceiling windows revealed the visual feast that is the Las Vegas Strip, or, as I like to call it, "my office."

She approached a large couch and motioned to the coffee table directly in front of it. "Your money is there," she said, referring to a bank envelope—the only item on the table. "You can count it if you want."

"Thank you, but there's no need," I replied, chuckling. "I can already tell you're trustworthy."

I slid the envelope into my back pocket and took a seat on the couch, expecting her to join me. Instead she continued past the couch and toward the bar. A chilled bottle of champagne...

Nadine lifted the bottle. "Would you like a glass?"

"Yes, please," I answered, turning to get a good look at her as she faced away.

Her sheer-obviously designer-cocktail dress clung to her curves with perfection. And what curves they were: toned shoulders and back funneled to her tiny waist. Her ass was "Yes. I still love him. We had an intense and passionate sex life. He was dominant and I loved submitting to him. I loved pleasing him. It fulfilled me. And that's my problem: I want a man who'll dominate me, but be gentle and caring at the same time. I don't think I can find that on the internet...or in bars. That's why I wanted to hire, um, you know...someone like you. Am I weird? Is this weird for you?"

I put my hand on her leg and looked into her eyes. "Nothing you've said is weird. It's beautiful."

She kept my gaze this time and spoke in a sultry half-whisper. "I've spent all day thinking about this. I'm very turned-on right now. Can we start? You can be strong, forceful, rough even. I trust you not to hurt me."

I gently wrapped my hand around the back of her neck and pulled her toward me and kissed her deeply. I slid my other hand up her thigh and continued tracing her body up to her breasts. Her implants were so good they almost felt natural. I pinched her rock-hard nipple through the sheer fabric. She arched her back and let out a soft breath. I moved from her lips and lightly bit her earlobe, while applying gentle pressure to the nape of her neck.

"Yesssss," she moaned.



I stood and brought her to her feet, turned her body to face away from me, and pulled her into a tight embrace. Her ass cheeks pressed against my now hard cock. Her back arched as I began to run my hands up and down her body. I lifted her dress to her waist, brushing my fingers lightly against her pussy. No panties.

She grabbed my wrist and brought my hand up to her throat. I held it lightly, but she moved her hand over mine, encouraging me to apply more pressure. Then she guided my other hand to her pussy, which I quickly discovered was dripping wet. She let out a few quick gasps as I rubbed her clit. She was really getting into it...and started grinding her now exposed ass cheeks against the front of my pants.

She leaned her head back and whispered into my ear, "I'm so wet, I'm so horny, I don't want foreplay, I want you inside me now. Right. Fucking. Now!"

In what felt like a single motion, I bent her over the arm of the

couch, unbuckled and dropped my pants, slid a condom over my raging hard-on, and entered her warm, tight pussy. After only a few slow, deep strokes, she arched her back and her legs began to shake.

"Oh, my God, what the fuck? I'm already coming!" She barely got the words out before her entire body began to spasm. Her legs gave out, but I managed to hold her up.

Still inside her, I positioned her on all fours on the couch and continued with the same measured pace. Her orgasms came one after the other. I counted seven before she tapped out, turned to face me, and sat on the cushions.

"I was really not expecting that," she said breathlessly. "Oh, my God, I needed that so bad. You have no idea." She smiled broadly and gave me a quick kiss on the lips.

"Ma'am," I replied, in my best cowboy accent, "I aim to please."

"Well cowboy," she replied "I hope that's so, because we've still got another hour...and you got some more riding to do." • s







BY RAPHIE ARONOWITZ

HAVE no business flying a drone. In fact, I have no business handling anything that requires some semblance of skill, dexterity, or finesse. I'm kind of a disaster that way. So, naturally, I jumped at the opportunity to keep my streak-of-destruction alive when the good folks at Dromida asked if I wanted to test their XL Quadcopter. A day later and I was mauling the packaging, charging up the battery, and ignoring the instructions like the man-baby I am.

Ignoring the instructions was a horrible idea—there's a little bit of assembly required (totally manageable), some key flight tips, and a secret sequence of events essential to make the propellers go (there's a "motors start/stop" button clearly marked on the radio controller). Moments later, I was ready for flight.

Once I got the hang of it, this thing was pretty easy to fly.

too much time monkeying around with the homemade flight harness.

The first test load was the surprisingly cumbersome and somewhat slimy Hot Hole. I gunned the drone's engines and watched it struggle to lift the lifelike man-rectum off the ground. Not for lack of effort, but I could not achieve liftoff. Instead, the drone slowly dragged the pleasure-tush across the lot, leaving a PureSkin snail trail in its path. We needed to go lighter. Much lighter.

The next (and sadly final) test was with the personal massager. Surely this would work, as the useless piece of junk-ahem-branded promotional material weighs next to nothing. Well, it probably would have worked if I was smart enough to not pin the throttle. The Quadcopter went from stationary to out of control in a fraction of a second. The propellers whirred, the

VISIONS OF FLYING PENISES DANCED IN MY HEAD AS WE SPENT WAY TOO MUCH TIME MONKEYING AROUND WITH THE FLIGHT HARNESS.

Soon, I had it hovering around the Penthouse parking lot. In retrospect, I should have stopped my test flight there. I should have packed up the Quadcopter, put it away, and written my review like the sellout that I aspire to be.

Instead, I thought it would be fun to test the Quadcopter's payload capacity. Spoiler alert: "Payload capacity" is not a measure associated with drones. I know this now.

I pulled a few random things off my desk—the Colt Gear Hot Hole (a "warming" masturbator designed to simulate the male b-hole experience), a Penthouse-branded personal massager, and a Commemorative Edition Head O State dildo shaped to resemble President Barack Obama—grabbed some fishing line, and enlisted the office geek to help me rig (thanks, Lucky). Visions of flying penises danced in my head as we spent way

Quadcopter shot into the air, only to be dragged off balance by the massager, which pulled the drone backwards and straight at my head. I screamed, ducked, and lowered the throttle...the Quadcopter hit the ground and skid under Jerrod Olson's car. Stupid Jerrod. I don't even know what a digital content manager does, let alone why the fuck he parked on my airfield.

In the interest of fairness, the instruction manual clearly states: "TO PREVENT MOTOR DAMAGE ALWAYS BE SURE THE THROTTLEIS OFF WHENTHE BLADES ARE OBSTRUCTED OR CONTROL IS LOST. PUSH THE BUTTON!" Also, in the interest of fairness, that tidbit is super easy to forget when you are overtaken by panic. Thus, my flying sex-toy experiment was tragically cut short by a burnt out engine. Stupid Jerrod.

dromida.com \$249.99 (Hot Hole not included) Otto







NORTH POLE DANCER

MERICA is so big that only a few hours out of your own city you can feel like a tourist in a different country altogether. What's great is that your phone and bank card still work. I was in Albuquerque for a work thing and couldn't believe how different everything was from where I live in Maine—the food, the sky, the cars, the women.

Especially the women.

Last winter, work had me staying in a cheap motel near the airport. I think the new office manager back in Bangor thought the Spanish-sounding name seemed exotic and neglected to look at the one-star, multi-cockroach rating in favor of the

cheap overnight rate. But the bonus was that I was right across the street from a strip club.

I like going to strip clubs in different cities because the girls talk differently, smell differently, move differently. No matter how many lap dances you get, or they give, strippers get you off differently, too.

So after a world-class but inexpensive meal at a hole-in-the-wall by the motel, I put on my jacket and walked across the busy street to sample some real local flavor. The place was a dive and looked just a little dangerous. I liked that. There's nothing worse than some stripper superstore (cough, Vegas, cough) where everybody looks the same and they can't seem to get the hang of treating you first like a poor slob who wants to fuck them, and second like a cash machine.

Immediately upon walking in, I knew who

I wanted: She was a pale, slightly heavy redhead with a lot of hardware: rings on her fingers, nipples, and (I later found) clit, and tattoos that actually meant something crawling up her thighs and ass. Taking her in, I saw fire-red pubes poking out of barely-there panties atop near-translucent, thigh-high stripper boots.

She saw me looking at her, pointed at me and mouthed: *You.*

The bouncer gave me a look (the dude could have killed me), and I made sure to slip him a twenty. I went over to the bar and gave up another couple of twenties, waiting for Ginger to show up. A couple of other dancers approached me, and I made sure I bought them each a drink, but let them know I was waiting for the redhead. "On any other night...," I told them.

Finally Ginger showed up. I'd been thinking she looked like my ex-about 5'4" barefoot now (on those floors? gross), big, natural tits, heavy bush, just the way I like it.

"You done with that drink?" she asked, giving me a little kiss on the neck. "You'll need your hands."

I've learned that if you're not cheap, and you let the girl take charge, you can go far in a divey strip club. All they want is for you not to be creepy and to spend money. What the fuck is in it for them otherwise? Also: Don't ask asshole questions like, "So, do your parents know you do this?" or "So, did you drop out of college?"

Turns out Ginger looked familiar because I'd actually seen her in a couple of amateur porns she'd made with her boyfriend. I recognized her from the tattoo, which was a twisting bonsai tree.

"Saw you tip Carlos," Ginger said as we walked to the little VIP room. "Baller move. Pretty sure he kills people in his other job."

"We all gotta work," I said.

She sat me down, straddled me, and just sat there for a second. The weight of her body did to my cock exactly what it should have: I became fully, pleasantly hard faster than one of those supercars in the pages of this magazine gets to 60. Some strippers mentally check out and wait for the song to end, but Ginger just kinda looked at me, gently rocking—as if we'd just had sex. The feeling was delicious and my cock



HER CUNT ENGULFED ME AND SHE WAS RUBBING HER TITS UP AND DOWN MY FACE.

pointed to those outrageous stray pubes like a divining rod.

I was about to ask her how much per song, but she wasn't having any of it.

"You want to come?" she asked.

"Yes," I said.

"Two hundred bucks. You good?"

"Yeah," I said, and tried to reach for my pocket.

"Not now," she said. "Just let me do the work. Don't worry about the song, okay?" "Okay."

I gotta say, I respect her work. Strippers who grind away on me listlessly, all the while saying they're "a very sexual person," turn me off so fast. But Ginger just increased the pressure. She told me there was a camera so I couldn't touch her, but that my smart move with Carlos ensured that there were other ways to skirt the law.

As she ground her thighs into mine, she reached behind her head in this exaggerated sexual-ecstasy move designed, I think, to give whoever was watching the idea that she was acting all "porn star" for the rube. With her other hand she deftly undid my belt and helped me wiggle my pants down just enough. My cock was freed and sprung up happily. "Hiya," she said to it.

Then her other hand went to the back of her head, and she thrust her breasts in my face.

"Hold out your hands like it's a stickup," she said.

I did as she told me, laughing a little that she'd said "stickup," as that is exactly what my cock was doing.

The song changed but Ginger kept on doing what she was doing. Suddenly a condom was being rolled down my shaft (had she hidden it in her hair?) and her lovely, warm/cool hands were very gently



squeezing my balls. Oh, my God.

"Oh, my God," I said, echoing my thoughts.

She expertly manipulated my cock to a 30-degree angle (any more and I think it would have broken off) and moved in closer. Her panties were moved to the side and, just like that, she mounted me. I don't take any credit for the fact that she was totally wet and that I could feel what was going to be an incriminating spot on my pants; I was just happy to be the beneficiary of it.

There are some strippers who you know have no enjoyment for their job, but this was not true of my girl. Within a second her cunt had engulfed me and she was rubbing her torso and tits up and down my face in the best way possible.

She didn't bust out any porn language like, "Do you like that *pussay*?" or, "Your cock is so *biiiig*!"—she just coaxed my come up like sap from a maple tree. My hands still stretched out, she let my head rest on her bouncing, sweaty, glittery tits,

until I felt I was really close.

She knew it, too, and I could feel her start to squeeze. Her cunt was so warm and I could feel the heat through whatever cheap condom she'd put on me. I had a moment of thinking, Shouldn't I try to get her off? But then I realized that I was paying for this, she needed to get back to work, and she was perfectly capable of supplying her own orgasm on her own time. Still, I felt a little guilty because I'm such a goddamn gentleman.

I felt the come working itself up, and my body tensed. So did hers. She pressed her body hard against me and I let loose. I felt it fill the reservoir tip and I could feel her muscles squeezing out every last drop. We both gasped at the same time, and that was a satisfying sound to hear from her.

Just as professionally as she'd done everything so far, Ginger swiftly squeezed the condom off my noodling cock. I don't know what she did with it and I don't want to know. I hope it didn't go back in her hair. She raised her haunches and said, "Pull

'em up," meaning my pants, and I managed to make myself presentable-if no one paid close attention.

I got up, a little dizzy, and Ginger took me by the hand to a little hallway between the VIP room and the rest of the club where the camera didn't reach and no other patrons were around.

"End of the line," she said, and I gratefully peeled off five twenties and two fifities. She kissed me on the neck again, which made my drained cock perk up a little. "Thanks for making me come and not being an asshole," she said.

That's all they want, guys. Also? Tip the bouncer.

-S.K., Bangor, ME

ALL I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS IS JEW

AST fall I worked my ass off at a Christmas tree farm in Washington state. From sunup to sundown, I chopped and wrapped trees until my hands were rough with sap and my biceps were solid as branches. At bars, girls would tell me I smelled like a pinecone.

I'd been laid off and was living with my dad, so when the tree gig came up, I jumped at the chance to get outside. Then, when I heard they needed people to drive the trees south to sunny Los Angeles and sell them in a lot, I jumped twice as fast-Washington women might look good in flannel and might be able to drink you under the table, but I wanted to meet some Beverly Hills mamas with long fingernails and huge tits on tiny bodies.

Well, it didn't exactly turn out that way. Not only was I living in a shitty trailer with three other migrant workers and slinging Douglas firs all day outside a big-box retailer, but the only women I was meeting were old ladies.

I headed to the local mall on my one day off. One advantage of the tree job was that food and lodging were paid for, even if both sucked, so the paycheck was like a lump sum of fun money. Flush with cash, I thought I'd get all my Christmas shopping done early and go home with presents



So I took a bus to a big mall out in the Valley. It was just nice to be somewhere else. I wasn't even thinking about women until I saw the hot she-elf.

She walked into the Starbucks in her outfit, clearly caffeinating herself for her shift with the mall Santa. I had already seen women I figured for porn stars at random places, in their come-fuck-me yoga pants, but I could not believe this girl. She had olive skin, and tits that nicely strained her red and white fringed elf suit-a one-piece thing that ended in a skirt that was, frankly, ridiculous. When she sat down, I could tell the metal chair was cooling part of her ass. Her thighs looked delicious.

Because I was wearing non-sap-stained clothes for the first time in a week, because I had coffee in me for the first time in a week, and because I actually had a wad of cash in my pocket as opposed to paying with everything with my phone, I felt extra confident. I walked over to her and asked if I could join her.

"Jesus, yes, please," she said. "You're over ten and under 40."

She said her name was Adi, and she had an accent she told me was Israeli. It turns

"I got fired from my nanny job and I had to get some work before I go home," she said. "So I find this job because I answer an ad for 'Children's Photography Assistant'. Then I find out it's really 'Work for Alcoholic

"I got fired from the nanny job because the wife thought I was fucking the husband," she said.

"Were you?"

"Of course not. He was disgusting. And the only people I meet here are 45-yearold dads who make stupid jokes and ask if they can sit on my lap..."

I told her that I thought we could help each other out.

"Help each other out?" she asked.

"I'm saying it would be a lot of fun to fuck later," I said, going for broke.

"Oh, yes," she said. "Tonight. I will be done by nine o'clock. Meet me here."

I leaned over and gave her a long, slow kiss right there in the Starbucks, and she let me glide my hand the length of the underside of her thigh. She even spread her legs the slightest bit, but not enough to be shocking.

"See you tonight," I said.

I UNBUCKLED MY JEANS AND PUSHED THEM DOWN TO THE FLOOR, LETTING MY COCK SPRING OUT.

She Israeli fucking hot, I thought.

Well, I had eight hours to kill, so I did all my Christmas shopping (including running out of the mall to buy some condoms at a nearby drugstore), got lunch at a chain steakhouse, and regularly scoped her out while riding up and down the escalator. I wanted to punch that Santa in his meatflap face every time he blatantly ogled my Israeli Elf Maiden.

Finally 9 P.M. came. I arrived with my bags of treasures and stood silently, menacingly by Adi while Santa tried to put the moves on her. He eventually gave up. I'm definitely getting coal in my stocking this year for cockblocking Santa.

On my trip outside the mall, I'd spotted a cheap motel. I was totally up for a squalid romp on a spotty mattress. Double points if the bed was coin-operated. I was about to express this feeling to Adi when she motioned me into the tiny North Pole house she and Santa used to store their street clothes and Diet Cokes.

"We'll do it here," she said.

"What about the-?"

"The security guard knows."

I wasn't going to ask what arrangement my Jewish Christmas miracle had with the mall cop.

Adi walked over to a plastic chair and perched her foot on it to untie her boot, but I stopped her there. I'd been thinking about her ass all day, so I strode over and held her from behind. With my left hand I grabbed her left hip; with my right, I traced my thumb across the warm, dampening crotch of her sensible elf panties. She pushed back slightly as I held her in place, digging my fingers into her hip. I squeezed her vulva through the fabric and felt the

heat pulsing inside.

I wasn't about to fuck her this way, though I lingered for a while, seeing how wet I could get her. Her pussy was full and puffy.

I let her go and she pulled off her boots, standing solid and barefoot before me. I unbuckled my jeans and pushed them down to the floor, letting my cock spring out. You can imagine that it would be difficult rubbing one out in a crappy trailer full of lumberjacks, so I had about ten days' worth built up. Adi was about to drop to her knees to deliver a blowjob to my rock-hard, neglected north pole, but I had to see what was under the elf outfit.

"Take it off," I said.

"No, it's cold-"

"Take it off."

Adi unzipped the cheap zipper and pulled off the one-piece ridiculous(-ly sexy) skirt outfit. She was wearing a men's v-neck t-shirt underneath. That came off next, revealing a dark purple bra and panty set. Her breasts were huge and full.

I wanted her buck naked when she blew me, so I unsnapped her bra, my dick poking her in the mouth as I did so, and pulled down her wet panties, crotch first. She was a desert goddess. She moaned in a strangely businesslike way at this point, as if she was getting exactly what she wanted, just as she knew she would.

At that point, I realized I didn't want a blowjob. We said we were going to fuck, and I was going to fuck her. She was ready, too. I pulled a condom from my pocket (this wasn't my first rodeo—I wasn't going to root through my bags and rip open a box and all that bullshit) and, after indulging a quick whim of slapping her in her hot face for a few seconds with my cock, I rolled it on.

"From behind," Adi said.

"Your ass?" I said.

"My cunt," she said.

She grabbed the back of the chair, which was flimsy, and braced it against the wall, which was flimsy. I trusted this girl could withstand ten days of my pent-up logjam. With her feet spread and her ass pointing at me, her bush riding beneath like a hair beacon, I guided my Scud missile in, grabbing each hip once I was there.

It's normally important to me, as a man, not to come after five strokes, but that is what I wanted to do. I forced myself to take it slow, pushing in and pulling out slowly over the eight inches of my shaft. Her moans turned to grunts as she pushed



back at me, impatient. I quieted her with some stinging slaps to her firm, thick ass.

After five minutes we were rocking in rhythm, and I could feel her bracing to come. I knew this would be the hardest part for me, as her contractions would seek to push me out and I would thrust harder to stay in. And I was desperately trying not to come. But I fucked her through it, the sounds of the nighttime mall coming through the cheap plywood of Santa's corrupted house, her pussy soaking the rubber on my cock.

"Take it off and fuck me," she said. "There won't be any babies."

That's not what I'm worried about, I thought, thinking of the mall security quard, maybe even Santa....

But fuck, I wanted to fuck her, and to come on that pulsing clit that she showed me, as she turned around and lay back on the floor, her dirty bare feet in the air.

"Do it." she said.

I prayed to the soon-to-arrive Baby Jesus that I wouldn't regret this in seven to ten days, but I needed to get in there again. A sheen of perspiration coated Adi's belly

and her spread cunt was florid. I grabbed her thighs from the underside and buried myself in, bending now and then to kiss her until I had the choice of either coming or stopping to regroup.

"In my cunt," she said, as if she read my thoughts (or my glazed-over look). "Come inside my cunt."

Ten more strokes and I did. I felt as if it were being pulled from me like an endless handkerchief from a magician's hat. At the end I pulled out slightly, creaming her clit with a final spurt. Then I reached inside her and brought her soppy cunt off one more time while my cock rested.

We met twice more before she left—each time more like an actual date that ended in a ball-draining hoedown within earshot of people who wished they were us. I rented a car and dropped her at the international terminal on Christmas Eve.

"You made me feel very nice," she said.
"You too." I said.

I don't think I'll see her again, but I will never forget how an Israeli elf taught me the true meaning of Christmas.

D.D.-Kirkland, WA



MISSOURI LOVES COMPANY

Y girlfriend Krystal and I were relaxing at home one weekend last month, ordering in some food and watching Netflix. Around noon, we were both starting to feel frisky, so I began rubbing her shoulders, and pushed the straps of her tank top down, my fingers grazing her perky breasts. Her phone kept buzzing, but we both ignored it. By the time I got her shirt off, the house line was ringing, so she got up to answer it in case it was an emergency. It was her best friend Stacey, crying because her boyfriend just dumped her in a text. My girlfriend told her to come over, then mouthed "sorry" to me.

Krystal promised to make it up to mejust as soon as Stacey left. That got me excited because it meant she'd give me a blowjob and not expect anything in return. I loved going down on her and fucking her every which way, but knowing that later it would be *all about me* meant I'd do my nice boyfriend duty and wait patiently till I could fuck her mouth.

Stacey got to our place about five minutes later, and showed us the text. The guy was an asshole, and I was glad I didn't have to hang out with him anymore. After a few beers and a lot of name-calling, we closed the curtains, flipped off the lights, and turned on a movie.

Krystal covered herself and me with a blanket and, after the opening credits, I felt her hand start to pull down the waistband of my sweatpants. We'd done something similar on a plane before, so I knew to how to angle my body so that Stacey wouldn't see a thing. My cock was already hard by the time her fingers wrapped around it, and I could see her smile from the corner of my eye. She was a wild one, and I loved that about her. She pulled her hand from out of the blanket, turned her head in my direction, and discretely spit into her palm. She started rubbing me again, and I closed my eyes at the feeling of her warm, wet hand on my hard dick, with Stacey sitting right next to her. It was so fucking hot. I didn't realize it, but I let out a little

KRYSTAL'S ASS WAS IN THE AIR, A BEAUTIFUL HEART SHAPE.

moan. Krystal froze.

Stacey realized what we were doing, and we both braced ourselves for her to either yell at us or run out the door...but she didn't do either. Instead, she put her hand on Krystal's lap, and kissed her. It was a deep, wet kiss and I saw her tongue slide into my girlfriend's mouth, making my head dizzy and my blood rush straight to my shaft. I knew they had messed around before, but that was before I was in the picture. Krystal kept her hand on my dick, still stroking slowly, up and down, her other hand on Stacey's tit, and they were both softly moaning into each other's mouths. I couldn't fucking believe it.

Krystal let go of my cock to take off Stacey's T-shirt, and her boobs were amazing. Round, full Cs, and her nipples were a dark pink and hard with excitement. I didn't care that I was only watching now, it was the most beautiful thing to see: my girlfriend's mouth on a pair of perfect tits. My dick was rock hard, and I was tugging on my balls a bit. I didn't want to come right away, since it felt like I was about to watch an amazing show.

Krystal slid off her shorts with one hand, never letting her tongue go from the pink tips of her friend's tits. I made eye contact with Stacey and thought I'd blow my load because of the fuck-me look she gave me. She pulled her pants down, staring at me the entire time, and pushed my girlfriend's face down between her legs. I had two gorgeous, naked women in front me, with my girlfriend's face buried into her friend's shaved pussy.

Krystal's ass was in the air, a beautiful heart shape. I started rubbing her cheeks, pulling them open to get a glimpse at how wet she was. Her juice was almost dripping out, so I put my fingers on her



slit, and slid them onto her clit, feeling her hips buck up in response. Stacey moaned in pleasure, mostly because Krystal went crazy when she felt my fingers slide into her cunt. Stacey told me to fuck my girlfriend and I quickly did as instructed.

My fat dick fit perfectly into Krystal, and I knew this was her favorite position, getting fucked from behind. I started slowly, since her face was still buried in pussy and I didn't want anyone to get hurt. Sensing my hesitation, she lifted her head and stuffed three fingers into Stacey's tight hole and finger-banged her like a pro. Her thumb was on her friend's clit, so I followed her lead and put my thumb into her ass as I pounded her harder. Both women were like putty, and I could sense they were both close.

I watched as Stacey pinched her own tits, panting at Krystal not to stop. At the same time, Krystal was pushing her ass back against me, forcing me deep inside her. I let out a moan and started to pull out. She knew I was going to come, so she moved out of the way so I could blow my load on Stacey. I had been so turned-on that I unleashed a flood of come, all over her tits, her belly, and her wet slit.

Krystal went back to work, giving her friend oral and licking up my load as Stacey shook with orgasm. It was all so incredible that my dick got hard again right away. I slid back inside to make sure my girlfriend got the same satisfaction she had just given us. Stacey positioned herself so that she could suck on Krystal's tits as I fucked her, and the two of us came together, both letting out sighs of pleasure. It was the best sex of my life, and I still can't believe it happened to me. I can only wish it'll happen again...and again...and again...and again...

A big thank-you to Stacey's shitbag ex-boyfriend. This never would have happened without you, bro.

-Jimmy O., Branson, MO ○+- 2

PETTING ZOO

BY SAM PHILLIPS







MARICA HASE

UNE 1993 Pet of the Month Sam Phillips catches up with Marica Hase, our Pet from January 2013.

5 THINGS I LEARNED ABOUT MARICA:

- 1. I was born and raised in Tokyo.
- **2.** My nickname growing up was "Ringo" because my cheeks were really pink. It means "apple" in Japanese.
- **3.** I used to be a competitive swimmer.
- **4.** I like to collect cosplay outfits.
- **5.** I don't sleep with my head facing north because of Japanese superstition.





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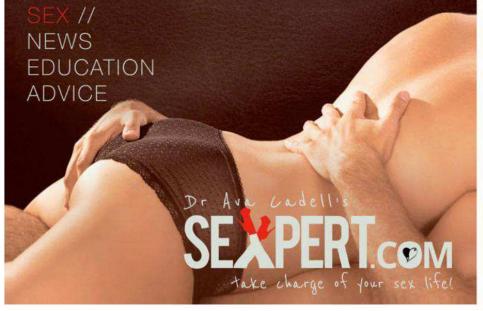
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MR. BOOGER ART

BY DAVE CARNIE

WAS in the bathroom at work, standing before the urinal with my tiny penis in hand, when my wandering eyes noticed a small speck on the white tile directly in front of me.

That's curious, I thought, leaning in for a closer look. Is that a booger?

Indeed it was a booger. What's more, there were lots of boogers: big ones, little ones, crusty ones, bloody ones, ones with nose hairs in them. I've seen a lot of gross things in public restrooms, but I hadn't seen this before. Someone had stood at the urinal, penis in one hand-unless they peed no-handed (which is also weird)—with their other hand jammed up their nose. It's a very peculiar image: man holding dick, peeing, while blowing boogers. Disgusting, but kind of funny, but then disgusting again. The more I think about it, the less funny it gets. Who does that?

I presented the booger gallery to a small group of coworkers with whom I was comfortable sharing this kind of sensitive information. Once our Board of Inquiry convened before the urinals, we got down to business. They were, to my relief, similarly amused, but also disgusted by the wall of snot. And like me, they had a lot of questions:

the men's room? If so, I liked her style.

4. Was there a message or image hidden within the arrangement? Or were the boogers blown/wiped completely at random?

Upon first glance, the composition appeared completely haphazard—the result of mucus forcibly ejected at high velocity from the nasal cavity. Nevertheless, we had to acknowledge the possibility of a code hidden in the arrangement. Maybe someone needed to be rescued and this was their SOS?

5. And, most importantly: Who does such a thing?

Seeing how there was something cavalier, almost contemptuous, about it, our initial suspicions fell to one of us standing there, staring at that speckled wall. I mean, nobody in their right mind walks around blowing snot in random bathrooms, right? But no one in our small circle fessed up (not even Robert, the guy who got naked at the company Christmas party and somehow crammed himself into a tiny Igloo cooler). And as no one else in our office seemed capable of such a vulgar joke, we assumed the culprit was not doing it for comedic purposes.

No, we decided, whomever it was, they did it "normally," as a matter of course in their day. Stop by the john. Blow snot on the

UPON FIRST GLANCE, THE COMPOSITION APPEARED COMPLETELY HAPHAZARD-THE RESULT OF MUCUS FORCIBLY EJECTED AT HIGH VELOCITY FROM THE NASAL CAVITY.

1. How were the boogers applied; were they blown or wiped? Having no forensic scientist among us, we were left to presume they were blown onto the wall because the mucus appeared raw and unmolested, as opposed to smeared or wiped. Both methods of application, though, are equally curious.

2. Did he know what he was doing was gross and unacceptable in a public space, or did he think it was completely natural? Does he, for instance, practice this behavior at home?

It could be said that our primary investigation was focused on this question. Much like the modern Western judicial system, we were more concerned with the motivation behind the act over the act itself. (This question also brought to mind those snappy workplace signs: "Your mother doesn't work here, so please clean up after yourself." Maybe his mother taught him this?)

3. Or: Did *she* know what *she* was doing was gross and unacceptable in a public space?

Though nearly certain the culprit was male, we thought it prudent not to rule out any suspects. Perhaps there was a militant feminist in our midst who enjoyed expressing her displeasure in wall. Leave. Which, of course, made it all the more disgusting because this was being performed in the restroom of a large international advertising agency with big, fancy corporations for clients. Wait, could it be a client? No way. It had to be someone we worked with.

Which one of our coworkers is the fucking weirdo? we wondered.

Despite a couple days of amateur surveillance and a bumbling investigation resulting in zero leads, new boogers continued to be added to the composition above the urinals. We were baffled. So I decided to go public with our search for Mr. Booger Art (as we had come to call the perp) by appealing to him directly. I wrote a note and hung it over the grisly offense:

Dear Mr. Booger Art,

While we encourage and support your interest in art, some of us think it might be better if you practice at home—at least until you've developed some proper skills—because, frankly, your work is disgusting and offensive. And I'm not talking about



your choice of materials. "Whoa! He paints with boogers!" Big deal, every female art-college freshman makes a painting with her menstrual blood during her lesbian phase. No, using boogers isn't the problem. The problem is you suck. Or should I say you blow?

Imean, what the fuck is this supposed to be? We've connected all the dots and it just adds up to a bunch of nose goblins arranged on a wall all higgledy-piggledy. This is not art. This is complete crap. (Given the context, that's an apt description, no? Ha! I make funny!) My cat does better work in his litter box, but you don't see me smearing his shits all over the bathroom wall do you? No, because that would be stupid. Just like your booger "art." So if you wouldn't mind, please desist from any further sketching on the bathroom walls. Thank you.

That is not to say, however, that we think you should stop creating art. On the contrary! But put a little effort into it. Who knows, maybe you'll make it big someday? Marcel Duchamp took the art out of the bathroom, maybe you'll be the one to put it back in. Good luck, Mr. Booger Art.

We never found out who Mr. Booger Art was, and my contract with the agency ended shortly after I posted the notice. However, when I returned a few months later under a new contract, I learned my colleagues had discovered the identity of the perpetrator.

"You gonna blow boogers on the wall again?" they asked me on my first day back.

"What?" I asked, dumbfounded.

Turns out: I'm Mr. Booger Art. My coworkers had arrived at their verdict based on circumstantial evidence commonly known as, "Whoever Smelt It, Dealt It." The glee with which I had created the Mr. Booger Art flier was also admitted as evidence of my culpability. According to their theory, I made the flier first, then blew boogers on the wall so I would have reason to display it.

Naturally, I protested, arguing that their imagined scheme required an advanced sense of humor and foresight that I unfortunately do not possess.

They were unimpressed. "We know it was you," they insisted, "because as soon as you left, the boogers stopped."

So I'm Mr. Booger Art now. Fine.

Oh sure, I was pissed at first. But since I'll never be able to clear my name unless the real Mr. Booger Art comes forward, I've decided to embrace my new role. What else can I do? I can pick a fight with the Court of Public Opinion, or I can pick my nose and create something beautiful—or if not beautiful, at least something that's full of boogers: something boogieful. O—a







